JUNE 1964

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-SEVEN, NUMBER SIX

The Cold War in Perspective: George Lichtheim

New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls: Cecil Roth

Schools, Slums, and Montessori: Martin Mayer

Boris—A Story: Deirdre Levinson

Automation & the State: Ben B. Seligman

On the Eclipse of God: Emil L. Fackenheim

Irving Howe—The Socialist Imagination: Theodore Solotaroff

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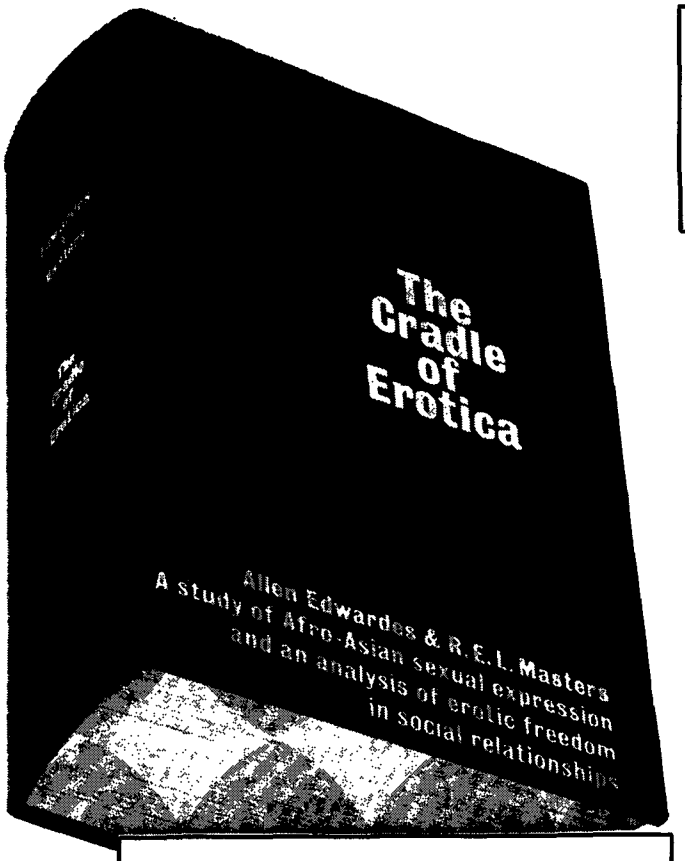
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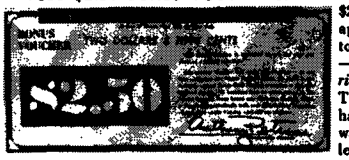

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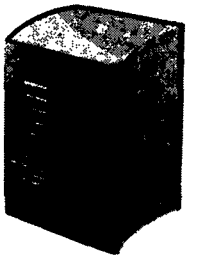
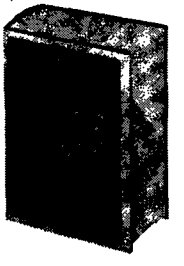

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Pius XII & the Jews

To the Editor of Commentary:

I have read Guenter Lewy's informative article, "Pius XII, The Jews, and the German Catholic Church" [February] with the greatest interest. Mr. Lewy has had access to sources hitherto denied scholars, and his work is an important contribution to the growing debate about the response of the Catholic Church to Hitler's Germany.

Mr. Lewy's contentions are substantiated by fact, but not always balanced by necessary historical qualifications. In dealing with the Weimar period, for example, it is necessary to recall that the political arm of German Catholicism, the Center party, played a principal part in governing republican Germany and that it often did so in loyal collaboration with the Social Democratic party, especially in the government of Prussia. The leaders of the Center party who in various posts and coalitions worked closely together with Jewish colleagues were not anti-Semites, at least never overtly. Before 1933, the Center party and the Catholic hierarchy repeatedly condemned the National Socialist movement, with the result that the Catholic population gave Hitler a much lower percentage of their votes than did the Protestants. It should be remembered that Germany was a Protestant country and that the political activities of the Protestant churches before 1933 contributed far more strongly to the failure of German democracy than did those of the Catholic Church. Only after Hitler had been brought to power, largely by non-Catholic votes, did the Catholic Church and the Center party, perhaps unduly mindful of the minority status of Catholics, accommodate to the new regime. Although after 1933 the dominant note was compromise and capitulation, the individual acts of courage and resistance, the priests who at one time or another were in prison, should perhaps be remembered with a little more generosity than Mr. Lewy showed in his article. The Gestapo certainly considered the Catholic Church as hostile or indifferent to the regime, and supervised it closely, as a recent historical study makes clear.

Finally it may be important to note that German Catholics themselves are at least seriously discussing the failures of German Catholicism. The astounding success of a short, incisive, and desperately honest book by a German Catholic, Carl Amery, *Die Kapitulation oder Deutscher Katholizismus heute,* may serve as encouraging evidence.

Fritz Stern
Department of History
Columbia University
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

In what amounts to an incidental defense of Pius XII, Guenter Lewy . . . claims that "Given the indifference of the German population toward the fate of the Jews and the highly ambivalent attitude of the German hierarchy toward Nazi anti-Semitism, a forceful stand by the Supreme Pontiff on the Jewish question might well have led to a large-scale desertion from the Church."

But it is not at all established that the German population was "indifferent to the fate of the Jews." There was no possible avenue of protest. Since the only non-Nazi organizations tolerated were church organizations, a forceful stand by the Church could have turned it into a vehicle for expressing popular opposition. Only if the German population had been given an opportunity of protesting, could Lewy properly speak of "the indifference of the German population toward the fate of the Jews."

The "highly ambivalent attitude of the German hierarchy," which Lewy documents, was itself strongly encouraged by Rome. There is no evidence that Pius XII ever tried to change the orientation of the Church in any country in the direction of protesting Nazi measures. . . . "

Where individual prelates did protest, Rome denied support. As the record proves, the Nazi Foreign Office made sure to ascertain the Vatican's position before proceeding to thwart the efforts of these subordinate Church figures, courageous but standing alone.

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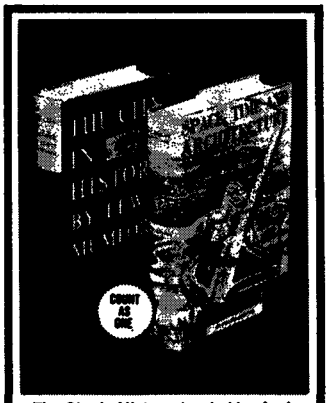

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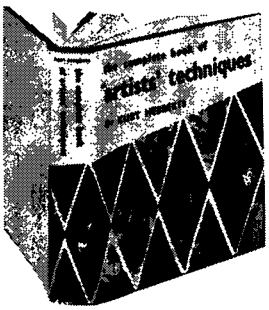

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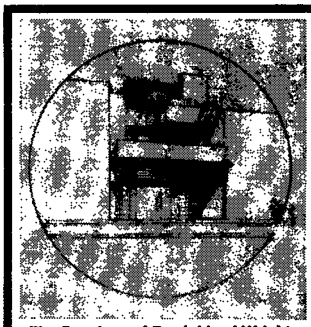

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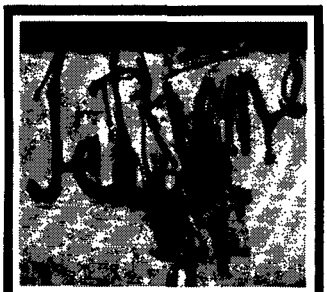

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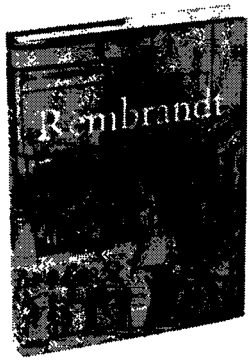

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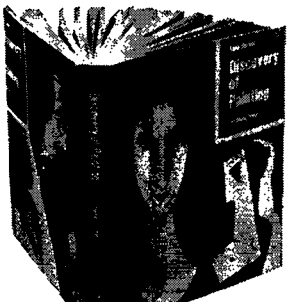

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Their failure cannot be cited by the Pope (and Lewy) as tending to prove that a public protest would "make some things worse." Pius XII did not only *not* protest publicly, he did not even bother to protest privately. Hochhuth, not Lewy, shows the greater insight. . . .

J. SUHL

Contemporary Issues
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I always resented the use of the word "exterminate" in describing the murder of millions of Jews by the Nazis in Europe. The dictionary says that the word "exterminate" means "the complete, wholesale destruction of living things or beings, *whose existence is considered undesirable.*" That word was used by the Nazis to excuse their murder of the Jews, implying that they were merely killing vermin. I am glad that Guenter Lewy's article uses the word "*murder* of millions of Jews."

SAMUEL FUCHS

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I commend you for the publication of Guenter Lewy's thoughtful and scholarly article. . . . German nationalism was, of course, closely associated with anti-Semitism in the interwar and especially Nazi years, and Mr. Lewy has carefully documented the underlying anti-Semitism of the Catholic Church in Germany. He has also distinguished the Church's support of racial discrimination from any support of murder.

I do not, however, follow Mr. Lewy's arguments so completely when he discusses the "moderate anti-Semitism so widely accepted in Vatican circles" as an influence upon Pius XII's decision not to speak out forcefully against the Nazi murder of Jews. In this regard I should like to make four points, the first two dealing with interpretation and the second two dealing with documentation:

(1) The intervention of the Papal nuncios in Slovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and France referred to by Mr. Lewy was carried out on the order of the Pope in areas where there was still some chance that such intervention might be effective. This would seem to belie any basic anti-Semitism in the Vatican.

(2) If the German Episcopate's resolute action in stopping the Nazi program of euthanasia was effective, it does not follow that Vatican intervention would have been effective in the case of the Jews in Germany or German-occupied territory. The clearest aim of Hitler we now know to have been the complete extermination of the Jews, and on this question he was totally committed.

(3) The reports of the Nazi ambassador at the Vatican, von Weizsaecker, must be used very cautiously and should not be quoted extensively without comment. He always reported to Berlin in such a way as to minimize Vatican opposition to Hitler and thereby to prevent any violent action against the Church in Germany. If Weizsaecker was no friend of the Jews, he did try to help the Christian churches, and he was so little trusted by the Nazis that Bormann and Himmler arranged to have him shadowed in Rome. All who have used the documents of the German Foreign Ministry for this period are aware of the efforts of the German representatives abroad to prepare their reports according to what they thought

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would be most favored in Berlin.

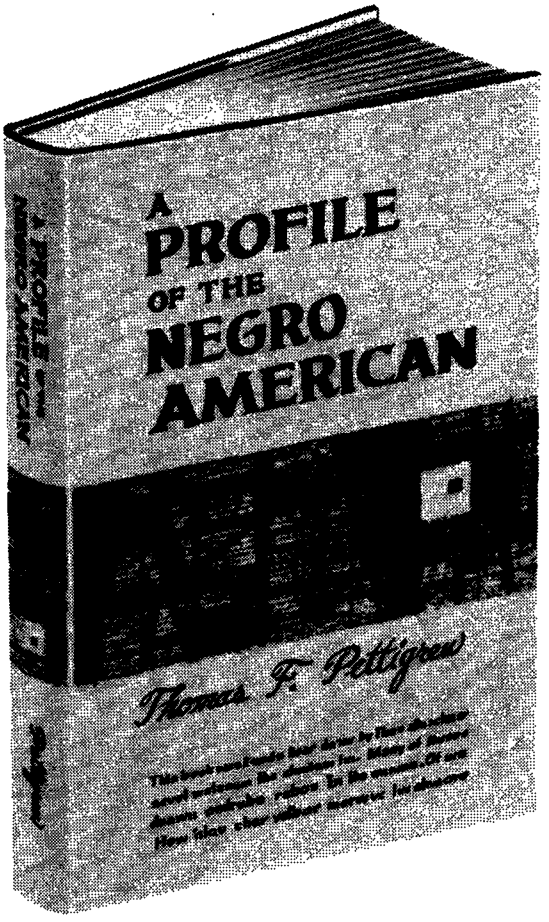
(4) Mr. Lewy mentions that some Catholic writers "have suggested that a public protest by the Pope would not only have been unsuccessful in helping the Jews but might have caused additional damage." He might have gone further to point out that this is not merely an argument advanced on behalf of the Papacy in recent years but that it was the argument of the Vatican itself at that time. On October 6, 1942, Harold Tittmann, Myron Taylor's assistant at the Vatican, wrote to Secretary of State Hull that "The Holy See is still apparently convinced that a forthright denunciation by the Pope of Nazi atrocities, at least in so far as Poland is concerned, would result in the violent deaths of many more people. Msgr. Montini [the present Pope Paul VI], however, stated to me that the time may come when, in spite of such a grievous prospect, the Holy Father will feel himself obliged to speak out." Of course, as Mr. Lewy has shown, there were other reasons why the Vatican did not choose to speak out, but I do not think anti-Semitism should be included among them. The Jesuits in Rome have been cited in various places as being leading anti-Semites, and yet in this same dispatch Tittmann declares that his efforts to get the Pope to speak out against the murder of Jews apparently "are having the full and active support of the Jesuits." And Montini has continued to state his case exactly as he did more than twenty years ago. Just before his election as Pope in 1963, he wrote a letter to the London *Tablet* in which he stated: "An attitude of protest and condemnation . . . would have been not only futile but harmful; that is the long and short of the matter." Mr. Lewy may not agree with these arguments, but I think it would have been better if he had presented them as contemporary arguments of the Holy See and commented on them as such.

These criticisms may seem at first glance minor, but all of us interested in historical truth and accuracy must be concerned with such points.

WILLIAM M. HARRIGAN
Canisius College
Buffalo, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Guenter Lewy's article . . . deserves high praise for directing our



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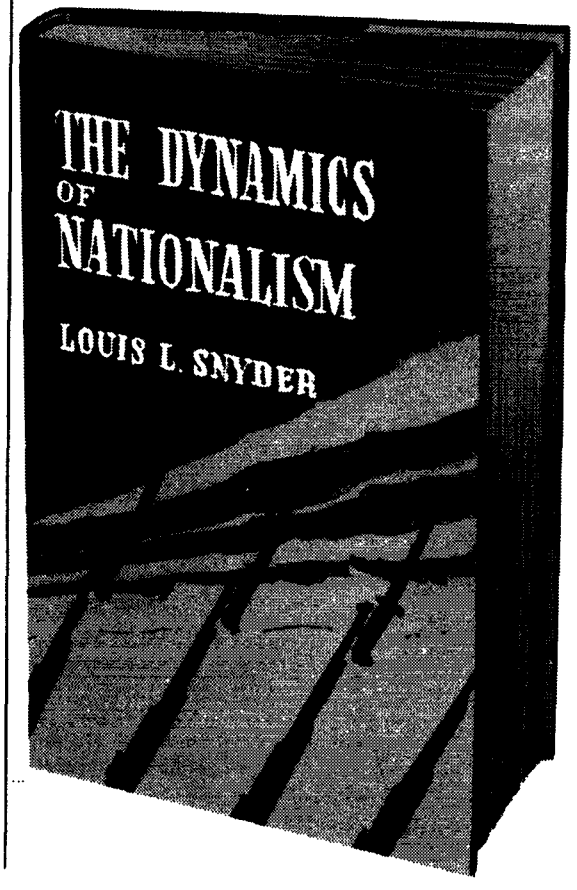

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attention to where it belongs: the German Church. From some of the wilder charges in the wake of *The Deputy,* one might think that it was the Pope who stoked the fires of Auschwitz!

Yet, at the same time, the article is profoundly depressing and disturbing in its revelation of how easily the ecclesiastical mind is led to make peace with evil . . . in defense of institutional self-interest. The terrible image of the Vicar of Christ silent before the death agony of Roman Jewry . . . calls too vividly to mind that older image of martyrdom and expediency associated with Jesus and Caiaphas, "the high Priest that same year."

Certainly Protestants can take no comfort from Mr. Lewy's exposure of the moral bankruptcy which afflicted the Roman Catholic leadership in the face of the Nazi challenge. Indeed, one might argue that, except for the magnificent protest of the Confessing Church, the behavior of German Protestantism was much worse: nothing in German Catholicism can quite match the so-called "German Christian" movement.

Unwittingly, perhaps, Mr. Lewy has suggested a new and deeper basis for the Christian Church in its ecumenical search for unity: the common acknowledgment of shared guilt in mass murder, and a recognition of the subtle ways in which ecclesiastical concerns can betray the spirit of Jesus Christ. The history of Arab-Zionist relations would suggest that within the Jewish community, too, one can detect the seeds of that kind of prejudice which, directed against the Jews in Christian nations, helped prepare the climate for Nazism.

Finally, one cannot help but wonder if the Church has actually learned from this whole tragic experience, when one notes the triumph of "prudence" and "expedience" in the shelving of the Schema on the Jews at the recent session of the second Vatican Council.

(REV.) CHARLES H. WHITTIER
Dover, New Hampshire

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Guenter Lewy's article . . . is an outstanding contribution to the clarification of the Jewish situation, as well as Catholic policy in Germany during World War II. I congratulate you for publishing this article at this particular stage.

I regret, however, that Mr. Lewy has not made more clearly the important point regarding the Jewish statutes introduced by the Vichy Government in 1941. M. Léon Bérard was informed that the Vatican had no objection, from a theological point of view, to the introduction of racist legislation against Jews in France. The report by Monsieur Bérard, the Vichy ambassador at the Holy See, a résumé of his conversation on a very high level, made light of the friction between church and state in Italy on the subject of anti-Jewish legislation and even stated that "the rule which says that a baptized Jew is not always to be considered a Catholic pure and simple may not be the one which does the most damage to theology." In other words, the Vatican was not very concerned with the fate of Catholics of Jewish origin.

Furthermore, the report stated that anti-Jewish legislation was not anti-racist because the Jews did not constitute a race but, rather, an ethnic group. It implied, therefore, that the Church's abhorrence of racism did not extend to them. It emphasized that segregation of the Jews in ghettos and their separation from Christians was good Church policy, citing St. Thomas Aquinas's *Summa Theologica.* It practically brushed aside any "contradictions" between Church policy and anti-Jewish legislation. Pétain was assured that "we shall not at least be reprimanded for this statute of the Jews."

In consequence of this report, the General Commission for Jewish Questions of the Ministry of the Interior of Vichy France issued on October 11, 1941, the following statement:

> According to certain prejudiced rumors, the Vatican is said to have made reservations concerning those measures taken by the French Government with respect to the Jews.
>
> We are in position to oppose a most formal denial to these allegations; from information obtained at the most authorized sources it results that nothing in the legislation designed to protect France from the Jewish influence is opposed to the doctrine of the Church.

The entire discussion concerning *The Deputy* lacks a most important aspect, the theological one. There is considerable reluc-

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tance, particularly on the part of Jews, to engage in theological debates. Nevertheless, the elimination of the terrible sin of persecution of Jews from the thinking and mores of Christendom will not take place unless the theological aspect is discussed. Perhaps the present situation presents the proper opportunity for such a discussion.

ABRAHAM G. DUKER
Director of Libraries
Yeshiva University
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It is refreshing to see someone report on a highly controversial issue in the manner of Mr. Lewy. It would probably be shocking to discover how many experts have been expounding their views on the relationship of Pope Pius XII to Nazism in many leading publications, completely ignorant of the history of the German Catholic Church, and of its relationship to universal Catholicism. . . .

HOWARD PHILIP BLACKMAN
Palisades Park, New Jersey

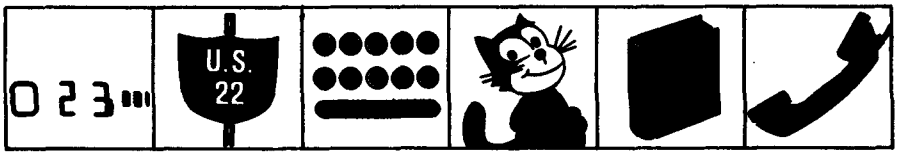
TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

To Dr. Lewy's . . . very scholarly work . . . I should like to add a few points about the factors that were behind Pius XII's silence:

(1) Pius XII knew that public statements by Roosevelt, Churchill, etc. warning that the murderers of the Jews would be brought to justice, had proved completely futile. High Nazi functionaries, as we know from the Nuremberg files, reacted to such warnings with comments like: . . . "I feel myself honored"; or "Put this in the files."

(2) The Pope had met with only discouraging results in his numerous efforts to intervene on behalf of persecuted Catholic priests as well as on behalf of many Jews. Despite his efforts, more than 3,000 Catholic priests in Germany, Austria, Poland, France, and other countries were put to death by the Nazis, as is shown in the forthcoming study, "Chronicle of the Martyr Priests," by Mrs. B. M. Kempner.

(3) The study will show further that besides Provost Lichtenberg, there were many other German priests who helped Jews to escape, gave them assistance in other ways, and preached openly against the Nazi doctrine. They were tried by the Nazi Peoples' Court and



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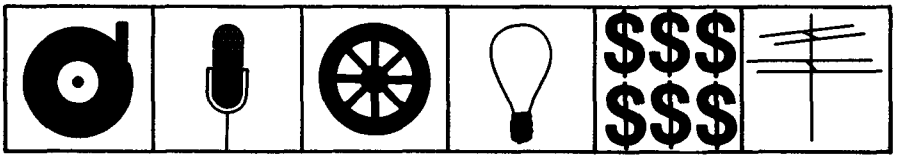

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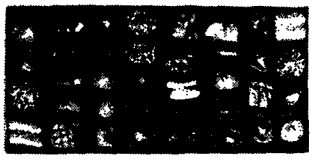

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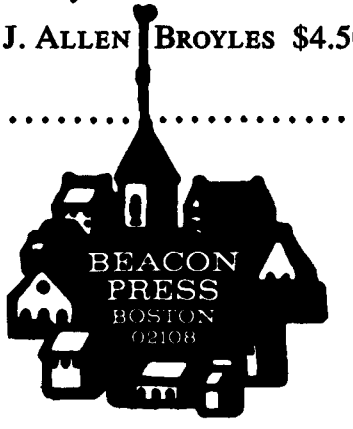

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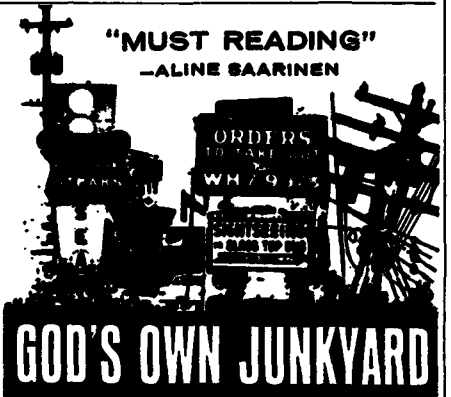

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either executed or sent to concentration camps.

(4) On learning of a possible public protest by the Vatican, Ribbentrop, who issued numerous deceptive answers to Vatican protests, sent his Ambassador Ernst von Weizsaecker a guideline on silencing the Vatican, as follows (telegram No. 181, dated January 24, 1943): "Should the Vatican plan to make a political or propagandistic statement against Germany, it should be made unmistakably clear to them that any worsening in relations would by no means work out one-sidedly to Germany's disadvantage. It should be made clear that the Reich government has no lack of effective propaganda material and certainly could take adequate steps to counter effectively any strike against Germany attempted by the Vatican."

(5) Among the measures scheduled to follow upon Hitler's victory were the following: "every Catholic State must select its own Pope" . . . [and] "the Bishop of Muenster will go before the firing squad one day." These and similar pronouncements by Hitler were noted by Alfred Rosenberg in his diary. . . . Similar threats are in Hitler's *Table Talk*.

(6) Every propaganda move of the Catholic Church against Hitler's Reich would have been not only "provoking suicide," as Rosenberg actually stated, but would have hastened the execution of still more Jews and priests.

(DR.) ROBERT M. W. KEMPNER
Formerly U. S. Deputy Chief of Counsel at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . In the interest of further documentation of Mr. Lewy's fine article, I should like to add the following observations. Mr. Lewy writes: "On September 7, 1938, during a reception for Catholic pilgrims from Belgium, Pius XI is said to have condemned the participation of Catholics in anti-Semitic movements and to have added that Christians, the spiritual descendants of the patriarch Abraham, were 'spiritually Semites,'" and he adds, "But this statement was omitted by all the Italian papers, including *L'Osservatore Romano*, from their account of the Pope's address." It happens that I was in Italy that summer . . . doing research at the Library of

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Forli, and I recall distinctly seeing the Pope's declaration headlined in at least one newspaper: *"Spiritualmente siamo semiti"* ("spiritually we are Semites"). I think the newspaper must have been *L'Osservatore Romano,* since, at that time, it was the only one in Italy that could be counted on to record the facts of Mussolini's anti-Semitism. I recall, too, seeing huge headlines in the Italian press proclaiming angrily (and falsely) *"Noi non Imitiamo nessuno"* ("We imitate no one"). This was in answer to Pius XI's suggestion that in his anti-Semitism Mussolini was imitating Germany . . . quoted in *L'Osservatore Romano* of July 30, 1938. . . .

Since Mr. Lewy refers to Don Sturzo's *Nationalism and Internationalism* in a footnote (78), he might have listed the declaration Pope Pius XI added to a Decree of the Holy Office of March 25, 1928, in which he openly decried anti-Semitism: "Moved by the spirit of charity, the Apostolic See has protected the people [of Israel] against unjust persecutions, and since it condemns all jealousy and strife among peoples, it accordingly condemns with all its might the hatred directed against a people which was once chosen by God, that particular hatred indeed which today commonly goes by the name of anti-Semitism."

It should be noted, too, that the Vatican openly defied Mussolini's dismissal of Jewish professors from the universities by inviting outstanding scholars to carry on their work in the Vatican Library. The eminent mathematician, Tullio Levi-Civita . . . was among those who found refuge in the Vatican. . . .

Mr. Lewy's article confirms my conviction that, since Pope Pius XII was dealing with a madman, Hitler, an open condemnation from the Pope would have led to greater madness and greater bloodshed. Moreover, had the Pope made a declaration, exactly what would the great powers (who, unless all intelligence had broken down, certainly knew of Hitler's crimes against the Jews) have done to stop the psychopath? When have the declarations of a Pope made any impression on the modern world in practical terms? . . .

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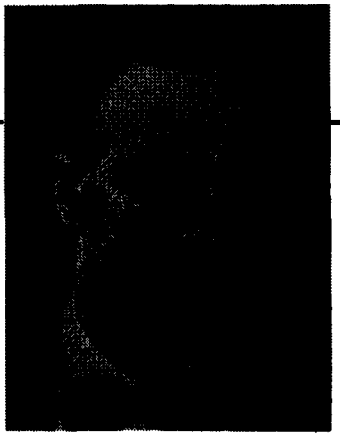

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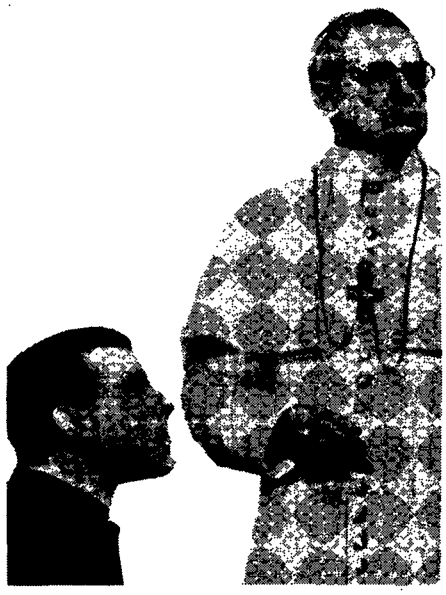

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ed . . . the Christian principles at the basis of the relations between nations, . . . restrain the victors, Christian and non-Christian, from slicing up Germany and Poland . . . . or depriving the Baltic countries of their independence? . . .

Does anyone seriously think that any pronouncement by the Pope would have kept the United States from dropping the atom bomb on Japan, not once but twice . . . especially since the Vatican had been so strenuously criticized in 1942 for establishing diplomatic relations with Japan? . . . .

Finally, did any nation stop piling up nuclear weapons after Pope Pius XII's dramatic warning to the world, and his graphic description of the horrors of a nuclear war (made, I believe, sometime in the 1950's)?

So much for any practical results that a Papal denunciation of Hitler's crimes against the Jews might have brought . . . Pope Pius XII, weighing both sides, decided in conscience to remain in suffering silence. He may have made the wrong choice, since he was a human being like the rest of us. There is no evidence, however, that he was a coward or that he acted in gross self-interest.

The accusation is sometimes made against Popes Pius XI and XII that, fearing Communism, they favored Fascism everywhere and on every occasion, and that "In Italy, as in Germany," as I. F. Stone wrote, "Catholic anti-Fascists were sacrificed for a concordat with the dictatorships." But in the modern world . . . concordat is the only method available to the Vatican for coming to agreements with the modern state. The Vatican is willing to make a concordat with any state in order to protect the religious rights of the faithful anywhere. If it was unsuccessful in making a concordat with Russia, it was not for lack of trying, nor was it the fault of the Vatican. One remembers, for example, the attempts made by Pope Pius XI in May, 1922, to come to an agreement with Russia. The Pope even sent a Pontifical Delegation to the Bolshevist Delegation headed by Chicherin at the International Conference in Genoa to ask for religious liberty for everyone in Russia. The mission failed. Pope Pius XI was criticized and the ecclesiastic pomp of his delegation was even ridiculed. . . . According to today's press, the Vatican is now, forty-two years later, still trying, unsuccessfully, to come to an agreement with the Kremlin over religious freedom.

ANGELINE H. LOGRASSO
Department of Italian
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

A Dissent

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his response to Alan F. Westin's article "Anti-Communism & the Corporations" ["Letters from Readers," April], Arthur McDowell cites the Socialist activities of his youth, and his current connection with Dr. Fred Schwarz's Anti-Communism Schools, as proof of "social-democratic" and "liberal" participation in Schwarz's programs. Let me point out, however, that it is now approximately twenty-three years since Mr. McDowell ceased to be a member of the Socialist party. Only seven years elapsed between Mussolini's break with the Italian Socialist party and the March on Rome; would anyone maintain that Mussolini's leadership of that march was proof of "social-democratic" or "liberal" participation in it? This is not to suggest, of course, that Mr. McDowell is an incipient Mussolini; he is not. His participation in Dr. Schwarz's programs, however, tells more about where Mr. McDowell stands today than it tells us about Dr. Schwarz.

As for Dr. Schwarz himself, I've heard him speak and have read his literature, and in my opinion the man is nothing more than a shrill peddler of "anti-Communist" snake oils. He shows no real political understanding and seems to think largely in terms of devilish conspiracies. Considering his approach, it is hardly surprising that Robert Welch of the Birch Society has said, "The Fred Schwarz schools have already done a superb job of laying the groundwork for us." (Quoted in an article by Dana McGaugh of the San Leandro *Morning News*, reprinted in the East Bay *Labor Journal*, Oakland, California 1/26/62.)

IRWIN SUALL
New York City

Poverty & Affluence

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Ben B. Seligman's review of Gunnar Myrdal's *Challenge to Affluence* [February] points out that there is now general agreement

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that the economy is performing badly but that attempts to analyze the fundamental causes and to propose solutions are greeted with "a gravelly grunt disguised as semi-scholarly criticism."

Unfortunately, neither "liberals" nor "conservatives" seem prepared to come to grips with the implications of the emerging cybernated era in which machine power and machine skill will be combined in an abundance productive system with effectively unlimited capacity. Both philosophies fail to confront the new reality: that rampant science and technology can no longer be controlled on the basis of an agricultural political system and an industrial economy.

It is still thought that the political philosophies of "liberals" and "conservatives" have very little in common. However, in the perspective of the coming era of cybernation and abundance, their differences concern only means rather than goals. The fundamental goal of both is the preservation of the outmoded industrial scarcity system, and their only disagreement is about what is to be done with productive surpluses as well as the surplus people that they create through unemployment.

Our most urgent requirement is to study the underlying realities of the age of cybernation and abundance and make the changes in our socio-economic system necessary to allow us to benefit from them. This, indeed, was the subject of my book *Free Men and Free Markets,* reviewed by Robert L. Heilbroner in your October issue. In an otherwise negative review, Heilbroner stated that "we should . . . take seriously the problems Theobald is interested in" and that the proposal for a guaranteed income (Basic Economic Security or BES) was economically sound. . . .

In another article, "On the Seriousness of the Future" (published in the *American Scholar*), Heilbroner has stated that: "The likelihood is that the great structural problems of society will continue to go unsolved, that they will continue to work their damage on us, both as individuals and as a collectivity, that the Great Paralysis will continue."

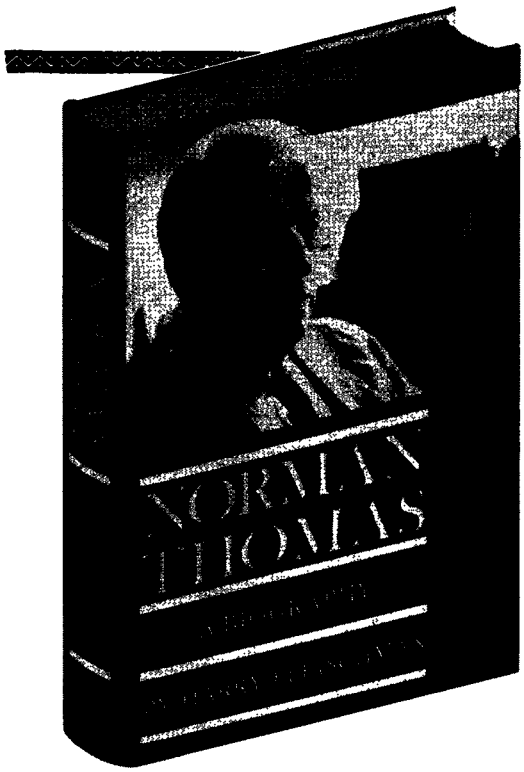
The only cure for mental and moral paralysis is mental and moral activity. It is therefore difficult to understand why Heilbroner should dismiss proposals acknowledged to be economically sound on the sole grounds that they are not enactable within the political structure of the moment. It is my firm conviction that "the pocketbook and the flag" cannot maintain their pre-eminent position in a world of nuclear weapons and an open struggle for full human rights. The moral imperative is no longer opposed by economic necessity or political infeasibility.

ROBERT THEOBALD
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his excellent review, . . . Ben B. Seligman has, I am afraid, misinterpreted my position (and by implication, that of the ADA). . . .

Indignation at the scandalous extent of poverty in this country does not require us to deny the remarkable achievement of the American economy in providing so many people so high a material level of living. Indeed, it is this very demonstration of the productive ability of the economy which makes the existence of poverty so cruelly ironical. In a poor coun-



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try, poverty is inescapable; in a rich one it ought not be tolerated.

It is not that I am "dazzled by the dynamism and resilience of the American system." It is simply that I don't see any sense in throwing the baby out with the bath water. It is not that the cornucopia is "pointed in the wrong direction," but rather that it is not flowing freely enough in all the right directions. The solution surely is not to break the cornucopia. . . . (If I did not appreciate David T. Bazelon's *tour de force* [*The Paper Economy*], it was because it did not seem to me that it got us very far in that direction.)

There is a great deal to be said on the subject of what Ben Seligman refers to as "the standard Keynesian remedies"—depending on how one looks at Keynes. Better Keynesians than myself, Robert Lekachman, and Sir Roy Harrod (the latter writing in *Encounter*), *have* pointed out, in effect, that—to paraphrase G.B. Shaw—the trouble with Keynesianism is that it has never been tried. Many of us would agree that the simplistic application of Keynesian policy which we have finally reached in the United States is not going to do much—if it does anything—to relieve poverty. But there is a wider choice than this in the Keynesian armory. . . .

It is true that American economists have not yet been very inventive or persuasive in coming forward with the kinds of radical proposals which will have to be debated, sifted, refined, adapted, and—most particularly—made politically convincing before we can believe that we are on the road to eliminating poverty. It is to Robert Theobald's credit that he has tried, and it is no disrespect to him to insist that we must examine every proposal to be as sure as we can be that it is not "an Indian rope trick" or one that will clog the cornucopia it is intended to release and re-direct.

EDWARD D. HOLLANDER
Robert R. Nathan Associates
Washington, D.C.

Cuban Scoop

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am immodest enough to reclaim my own brainchild. Reviewing Samuel Shapiro's *Invisible Latin America* [February], Keith Botsford mentioned, in passing, "Theodore Draper's thesis on the middle-class origin of the Cuban Revolution. . . ." Allow me to jog memories a little. Draper's "thesis" was first articulated in *Time* on December 9, 1957, pp. 43-44. The *Time* story was based on a long dispatch I had sent from Havana. The story said, in part, "the top leadership of the rebellion is prosperous, conservative and respectable. Of the chief rebel plotters outside the Sierra, four are lawyers, three are physicians, two are financiers, one a millowner. . . each earns more than $20,000 a year. The rebels conspire behind brocade curtains in air-conditioned homes and offices." Reporting on a meeting of revolutionary plotters, the story quoted my dispatch, "The only proletarians were the help."

That 1957 story closed rather prophetically: "The conservatives at the top fear that the longer they stay behind their desks while Castro is in the hills getting headlines, the smaller their influence on him will be. . . . Up in the hills, notes one conservative rebel with a mixture of admiration and fear, 'he (Castro) acts like a king before the Magna Charta, sitting under a tree dispensing justice.' Castro may become the brilliant liberator his young followers see, or, as one older rebel worried last week, 'a man on horseback.'"

There was much more, of course, in my 1957 dispatch, including a final paragraph quoting a leading Cuban as saying the time might well come when the U.S. would have to land Marines to deal with Castro. Luckily this and more of the same sort of analysis was not printed. Even the brief, dispassionate analysis that did appear in that 1957 story caused me considerable trouble. When in March 1958 I went to Santiago de Cuba and asked the rebel underground to arrange a trip for me to see and talk with Fidel, my request was received coolly. A stern but nonetheless cute young girl with the *nom de guerre* of Deborah quizzed me for hours on that 1957 story in *Time*. It was some time before Deborah decided that the potential benefits of letting me go to the hills to talk with Fidel outweighed the risks. (I was subsequently to discover that Deborah's name was Vilma Espin, now Vilma Castro.)

SAM HALPER
Time Incorporated
New York City

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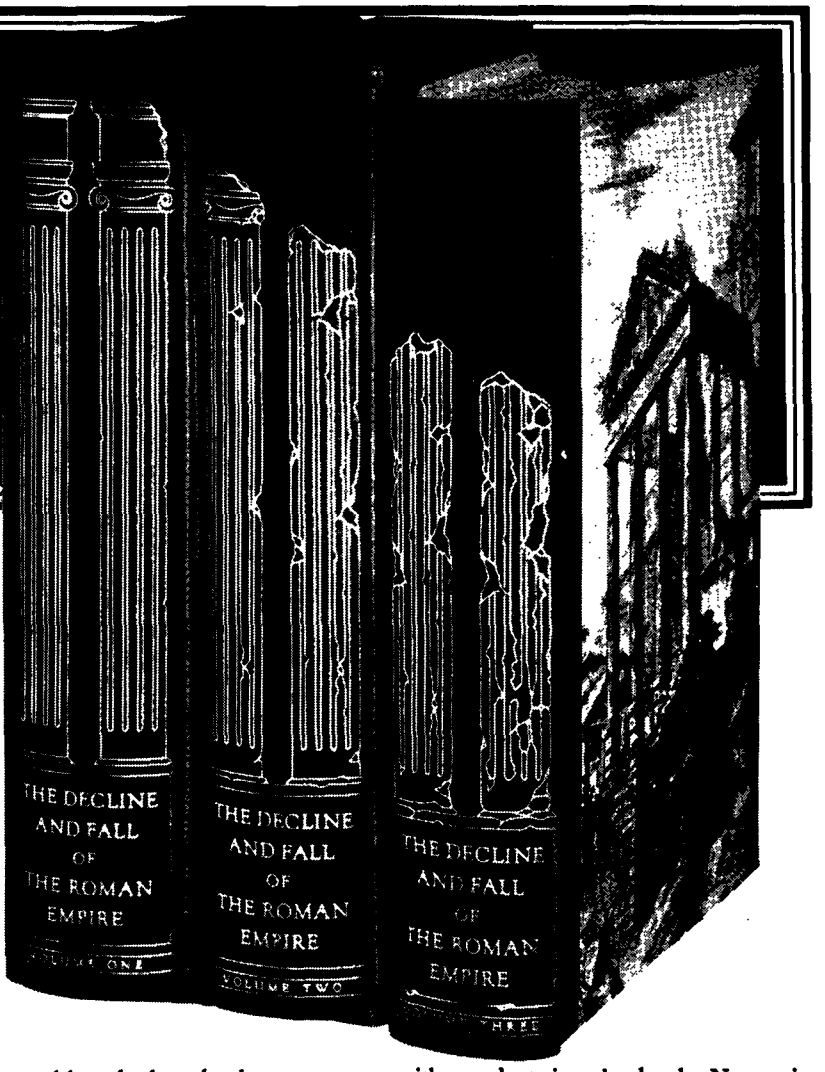
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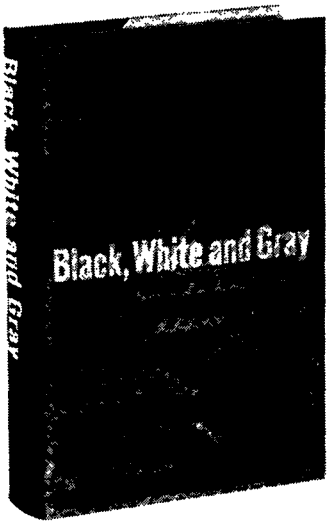

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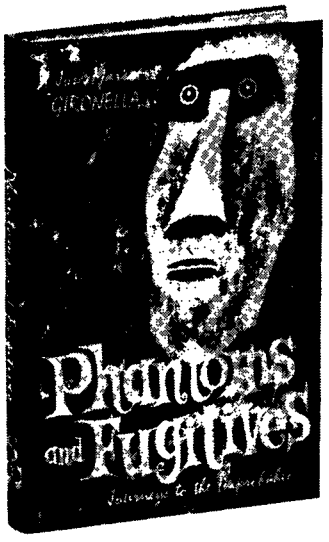

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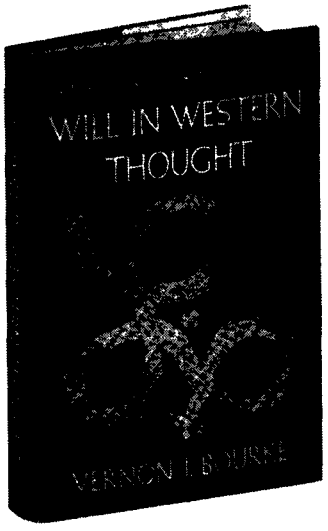

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THE COLD WAR IN PERSPECTIVE

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON, APRIL

IN AUGUST of this year it will be half a century since European civilization went over the brink. All anniversaries have something arbitrary about them, but so long as we don't take them too seriously and avoid playing with sacred numbers, it is permissible to use them as mental signposts. The habit is in any case too deeply ingrained to be abandoned even by academics. Already there is a flood of literature to remind us of what the date 1914 signifies in European history. We are also being told—as if we didn't know—that for Americans and Russians the important date is not 1914 but 1917: the year when the USA took the plunge into world politics, while Russia temporarily cut its losses and turned to more urgent matters at home.

In three years' time, consequently, there is going to be another half-centenary, though clearly the date 1967 is not going to have precisely the same significance for the readers of *Pravda* and of *Time* magazine. Will they be urged to remember that Wilson and Lenin represent incompatible principles? Or will the political climate permit a cautious move toward ideological rapprochement? And in the latter case, what new anathemas are going to come out of Peking? These are practical questions, no mere playing with concepts. The way in which we look at the past is itself an index of how we wish to shape the future.

By starting off in this manner, I fear I may have caused a suspicion to arise in the minds of readers aware of the recent growth in Europe of a new kind of neutralism: one not confined to the Left, but given the sanction of respectability by conservative statesmen and thinkers. Is it not tempting to suppose that the USA and the USSR may already have more in common than they are willing to admit? And that if we wait long enough, they will recognize their joint interest in keeping the peace? But even if we suppose that this may be so, it does not necessarily follow that everyone is obliged to draw the same conclusions. One knows what President de Gaulle thinks of the matter—he has lately been at pains to proclaim his doctrine *urbi et orbi*. But there is also an alternative way of looking at all this: perhaps it is to the advantage of Europe that the Big Two should become less hostile to each other; that they should tacitly agree to act as the world's policemen; and that the non-nuclear powers should take shelter under their respective wings? The cold war, on this reading of the situation, will gradually end, though the more zealous propagandists on both sides may for a while continue to bandy the old slogans. Passions will cool, a *modus vivendi* will establish itself, and the East-West split will cease to be the dominant issue in world affairs: to be succeeded no doubt by a North-South antagonism pitting the backward agrarian against the advanced industrial countries. Let the armed *lumpenproletariat* of the world, in the starving overcrowded regions of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, hearken to Maoist and Castroist slogans: the industrialized nations (whether capitalist or nominally socialist) will hold their own, and if necessary close ranks against the disturbers of the peace. As for nuclear arms, they will be controlled by the Big Two (with perhaps a little help from Britain). The Moscow Treaty of 1963, and its probable successors, will see to that.

It is an agreeable vision. It is also—to be more precise and practical about it—the esoteric doctrine of the British government, and of all three political parties in Britain. In a modified form—with the UN substituted for the Big Two—it accords with the hopes of official and unofficial liberalism; it can count on the support of moderate socialists, from Harold Wilson to Willy Brandt and Giuseppe Saragat; of bankers in Zurich and businessmen in Hamburg; of Catholics in Rome, pacifists in Sweden, vegetarians in Denmark, and nuclear disarmers on the road to and from Aldermaston. Were it not for those notorious troublemakers, de Gaulle and Mao Tse-tung, it might by now have won general acceptance. There is, to be sure, a major snag: one does not quite know whether the Russians are willing to play. On some occasions Khrushchev gives the impression of having seen the light; then he backslides into primitive Leninism, and the world has a narrow escape, e.g. over missiles in Cuba. But taken as a whole,

GEORGE LICHTHEIM is one of our contributing editors. He is the author of *Marxism: An Historical and Critical Study* and *The New Europe* (Praeger). His most recent contribution to COMMENTARY was "Reflections on Trotsky" (January 1964).

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the underlying movement since the demise of Stalin and Dulles seems to have been in the proper liberal direction—that leading to a peaceful share-out of world responsibility among the Big Two, with Britain acting as the honest broker. This in any case is how it looks from London; and it must be remembered that most educated Indians and Africans (no less than some Americans) are apt to take their view of the world from the more advanced sections of the British press. There is a Liberal orthodoxy, as there is a Conservative or a Communist one. It comports respect for the United Nations, faith in controlled disarmament, resistance to nuclear proliferation, and a firm belief that co-existence can be made to work: at any rate as between the USA and the USSR. If the Chinese are not yet ready for it, that is too bad: in time they too will learn to play the game according to the rules.

If I sound a trifle skeptical, this is not because I share the conviction (recently reaffirmed by Professor Morgenthau in COMMENTARY*) that the cold war must necessarily continue in the form it assumed in 1947-50. It seems to me to be a weakness of this school that it cannot get away from Dullesian notions about "international Communism," while its liberal critics on the other hand suffer from an apparently unquenchable thirst for larger draughts of the Camp David spirit. Instead of getting into the arena of what is after all a national debate over the proper direction of U.S. policy, let me rather try to set out how the matter looks to thinking people in Western Europe, from Tories and Gaullists on the Right to Socialists on the Left. (I exclude Communists and Fascists, though the former at any rate are still important and have lately fallen into some confusion over the matter.)

II

THE FIRST THING to be noted is that the "hard" school in Europe has little in common with the American Right and tends to regard its splenetic outbursts—e.g. against Cuba—as evidence of immaturity. A gesture such as France's recent recognition of China encounters little criticism among conservatives, save perhaps on the grounds of timing. In France itself most of the discordant noises came from the center-left, and there is evidence that Gaston Defferre may have hurt himself seriously with the voters by appearing to take the "American" line. To British Tories, as to de Gaulle and his followers, "Communism" as such has ceased to be an issue: they are bored with it, and hardly able to keep awake when lectured on the subject by U.S. officials from Mr. Rusk downward. It is accepted in these quarters that much, if not all, of the "underdeveloped" world will go Communist, or near-Communist. The problem is how to contain the spread, and to this end Western support for various kinds of home-grown "national socialism," or even Titoist "national communism," is regarded as the proper response. Perhaps the case is best summed up by saying that the heresies of Mr. George Kennan and Senator J. William Fulbright are the orthodoxies of British Conservatism (though not of the ruling Christian-Democrats in Bonn, most of whom still cling to the Dulles line).

When it comes to trade and aid, the political Right, with its roots in nationalism, is fairly cynical about liberal economics, not unfriendly to planning (as long as it is not *called* socialism), and totally indifferent to the alleged danger involved in trading with the Sino-Soviet bloc. It is quite aware that trade is a political weapon—at least as aware as its American critics—and determined to use this weapon in order to make itself less dependent on the United States. This attitude is sometimes misunderstood by critics who fail to see that the West Europeans can afford to trade with the Soviet bloc as long as the global political balance remains what it is. Since that balance depends on the unresolved antagonism between the USA and the USSR, it is a trifle illogical to couple appeals to Europe to reduce this trade with the argument that the cold war will go on. It is just because the Europeans see no immediate end to the global struggle that they have decided to strike out on their own. This sentiment affects even the Bonn regime, otherwise America's most faithful ally in Europe. As for Britain and France, no amount of scolding from Washington is going to interfere with their urgent plans for expanding trade with Russia and China. If the cold war must go on, then so must trade. Western Europe is dependent on exports and cannot afford to deny itself outlets in the "third world," just because much of it is Communist. This is a *political* decision, not a matter of naïveté on the part of businessmen. Moreover, it is fully in tune with advanced liberal opinion, hence politically unchallengeable.

So far I have drawn no distinction between conventional Toryism and Gaullism; but there is of course a marked difference, as witness Fleet Street's persistent nagging at de Gaulle, and the unhappy mien displayed by Whitehall officials at any mention of his name. Genuine support for Gaullism is limited to a section of the Conservative party (including some of its Europe-minded intellectuals); plus, on the Left, a number of people who retain a grudging admiration for the manner in which the General solved the Algerian problem. The *Times* maintains its reserve, and plainly does not care for the recent growth of French influence in the *tiers monde*, with Latin America well in the lead. To most liberals and socialists, the General is the man who has made nuclear proliferation almost respectable, and who in any case provides the Tories with an excuse for hanging on to what is officially known as the "independent national

* "Peace in Our Time?" March 1964.

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deterrent." To the more belligerent Atlanticists, he is suspect as the potential leader of a European union committed to "armed neutrality." Every now and then a "diplomatic correspondent" trots out the standard nonsense about Napoleon, not to mention other historical characters. Some of this perverse irritability is due to the current British national malaise; but there is also a feeling that the General is genuinely indifferent to the Atlantic Alliance, and determined to snub the British so long as they cling to their status as America's favored ally. In the short run at least, the net effect of these tactics is to drive Whitehall back upon an Anglo-American orientation which anyhow responds to sentiments more deeply ingrained than Europeanism.

Viewed from Paris all this looks rather different, even to non-Gaullists, who cannot quite get over a feeling that Washington and London are simply continuing their wartime attitude of ignoring European interests. Even critics of the General and his *force de frappe* feel obliged to side with him when he says out loud what everyone in Europe has been thinking for years, e.g., in relation to China. It is also acknowledged in these quarters that France now stands a good chance of winning the affection of the *tiers monde,* and not merely for economic reasons. As the acknowledged leader of the Right, de Gaulle paradoxically can go further left than his liberal and socialist critics. What is more, he is doing it, and not only in Algeria, where Paris is now heavily engaged in subsidizing a socialist revolution. Gaullism as a political phenomenon is beginning to catch on all over the world and to get clandestine support from radicals of the most varied stripes. The General himself gives the impression of believing that the dialectic of the continuing U.S.-Soviet confrontation leaves room for an intermediate position—possibly even for a synthesis at a higher level, where the boring quarrel over capitalism and Communism has been left behind. At the same time the strength of his home base, and the evident success of French "technocratic" planning, enables him to distribute financial largesse, while advising non-industrial countries on how to modernize their economies. With the New Frontier out of action, and the Alliance for Progress shown up as the expensive flop its critics always said it would be, he has even been able to invade Washington's Latin American backyard. Conservatives are reassured by his background, radicals are reminded that France this year will celebrate the 175th anniversary of the Revolution which gave democracy to the world. From Peking to Mexico City, by way of Algiers, de Gaulle can count on a favorable press.

BEFORE HASTENING to conclude that all this represents merely the cynical exploitation of circumstances by an admitted master of the game, let us look once more at the "balance of terror." Negatively, Gaullism represents an attempt to undo the Yalta settlement of 1945, which effectively partitioned Europe and subjected the Old Continent to the control of the nuclear super-powers. Positively, it entails some degree of nuclear armament, at first on a national, later no doubt on a European level. In the words of M. Raymond Aron (writing in a special issue of *Daedalus* devoted to the "New Europe")* this policy "does not, for the moment, reject the Atlantic Alliance, but it claims to see in it only a provisional organization, useful until the day when the Soviet Union, having reverted to the Old Russia, will favor the reconciliation of the two halves of the Old Continent." French diplomacy aims at a goal beyond the cold war. NATO is not regarded as expendable—yet; but an integrated Western Europe possessing its own atomic forces will, it is thought, be able one day to negotiate with Moscow on more or less equal terms, and then it will be possible to dispense with the presence of U.S. forces in Europe (though not with the "nuclear umbrella"). The residual dispute between Gaullists and European federalists turns more on the extent to which national sovereignty will have to be sacrificed than on the principle of European independence from the United States. To quote M. Aron once more: "The creation of a superior political unity, embracing old nations weighed down by history like Great Britain, Germany or France, demands a real political will—unless it is to be a sort of abdication. But a political will is inseparable from a will to be independent, even if it is not equivalent to a will to power. Many of the Brussels Eurocrats are conscious of this fact and see the constitution of a European state, capable of taking a stand and thus of defending itself, as the inevitable final outcome of their efforts. Such a Europe would not consequently be a third force; it would remain tied to the United States, but as a single unit, whereas today . . . the United States can easily impose its will on the plurality of states, small or middle-sized, whose connections with each other are less close than their subservient relations with the Big Brother across the Atlantic." Coming from a distinguished liberal, who tends toward federalism and has often been critical of de Gaulle, this is pretty plain speaking. It also confirms (what readers of the American and British press must have had difficulty discovering from the reporting they have been fed over the past five or six years) that not all "good Europeans" are happy about the sun-satellite system which has characterized Washington's relations with its allies. In fact M. Aron's chief criticism of de Gaulle is that, by insisting on French sovereignty instead of playing the card of Euro-

* Published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Winter 1964. For M. Aron's views on coexistence see his article "The Great Schism" in the January 1964 number of the quarterly *Survey* (London), where a special section is devoted to this topic.

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pean integration, he has made it more difficult to get an autonomous Western Europe going. Judging from M. Defferre's recent public utterances, this is also substantially his view.

The theoretical thinking that underlies this kind of approach has to be extracted (at the cost of some labor) from M. Aron's massive treatise *Paix et Guerre entre les Nations,* originally published in 1962, and soon to be available in an American translation.* Since the French edition runs to nearly eight hundred pages, I trust I may be forgiven if I confine myself to saying that the work supplies the intellectual rationale of the liberal co-existence program, while leaving a door open for the "tough" school. This is easy enough, once the obsession with Communism is abandoned. The "balance of terror" is then seen as an interval leading—after heaven knows what catastrophes—to a "planetary system," within which "societies" rather than "nations" will confront one another. These societies will be distinguished by their mastery of modern technology, their degree of industrialization, their wealth, their culture, and unfortunately also their capacity for nuclear destruction. The present interim stage will come to an end when the USA and the USSR have recognized the limitations of their power, and their common interest in keeping the peace. To some extent they have been doing this tacitly since 1945, or at any rate since Korea. As M. Aron puts it, for a number of years now things have shaped themselves "as though the Big Two (especially the United States) were . . . conscious that their common interest in avoiding war took precedence over their conflicting interests . . . [and] as though they were equally anxious to retard the moment when the accession of France or China to the thermonuclear club would put an end to their duopoly. . . . Solidarity among enemies, opposition among allies, assumes an original form in the thermonuclear age."

The coming planetary system is going to leave this "duopoly" behind: of this M. Aron is as certain as General de Gaulle (one of his most faithful readers, though the two men have often quarreled over the past quarter century). What then will take its place? M. Aron foresees a choice between limited disasters, total catastrophe and the wreckage of industrial civilization, or finally the abolition of war and the effective pacification of the globe. The General probably agrees, but for the moment is more concerned with the immediate aim of breaking the "duopoly," even if it means helping China to acquire its own nuclear capacity. For may not the resultant pressure on the Soviet Union's Siberian border induce the Russians to remember that they are, after all, Europeans? Those who have to deal with Charles de Gaulle discover after a while that his favorite mental exercise is historical prognosis, and that he reckons in centuries where lesser men are content with years.

III

So far I have tried to remain at the level of more or less commonsensible reflections on the cold war; but with M. Aron's long-term projections of current trends, one inevitably finds oneself in an intermediate range between "politics" and "history." Nor is he alone: this kind of writing currently enjoys a remarkable vogue, not least in the supposedly empirical and pragmatic Anglo-American world. For proof we have—among many lesser specimens—a recent tract entitled *The Politics of Hysteria* by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff,† and a companion volume by I. R. Sinai, *The Challenge of Modernization.*** The authors in each case are political scientists with a taste for sociology and what in an earlier age was called the philosophy of history. At one time this kind of theorizing used to be a preserve of continental Europeans, chiefly Frenchmen and Germans. By now the secret is out, and everyone is doing it. The fashion really started, I suppose, when Professor Toynbee discovered Spengler and decided to improve on him. In reading *The Politics of Hysteria* —an oddly chosen title for what is on the whole a fairly sober work of analysis—one can see what happens when two writers of the present age decide to improve on Toynbee.

Let me say straightaway that Messrs. Stillman and Pfaff are worth reading. They are *engagés* in an attractive manner: intelligent, passionate, sophisticated. They have clearly read and meditated a great deal, and formed their conclusions in an attempt to get beyond the current political orthodoxies. Patriotism in their case takes the form of self-criticism. Quite early on, some of the most cherished official beliefs are rudely challenged. The cold war increasingly "passes into banality." "American policies are enlarging the very disorders they are meant to cure." "The truth is that political strategies, in the Soviet bloc and in the West, are nearly all rigidly conservative. They are naïve and blind to contemporary ambiguities, and for that reason, even as the Soviet-American rivalry wanes in an age dominated by the transcendent growth of the technology of war, they are fantastically dangerous." I suppose it does Americans good to be told this. In Europe we have known it for years: we have only to open our morning papers. The pity of it is that the Russians do not know it, and are not likely to find out from *their* papers. But let that pass. On the essential point the authors are right: the cold war, from being a necessary defensive operation against the armed threat emanating from the USSR in 1948, has turned into an endless struggle for global hegemony: a struggle that neither side can (and perhaps no longer wants to) win. Meanwhile the neutrals are getting restive: Asia, Africa, and Latin America

* To be published early in 1965 by Doubleday.
† Harper & Row, 288 pp., $4.95.
** Chatto & Windus (London).

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want to break out of this straitjacket. Industrialization—whether capitalist or socialist—has become *the* preoccupation of elites who speak for two-thirds of mankind: the hungry two-thirds. Yet all the while Washington and Moscow exchange verbal brickbats amidst growing boredom and indifference, and latterly to the accompaniment of catcalls from Peking, where it has dawned on the incumbents that Tweedledum and Tweedledee have no serious intention of hurting one another. "Let's fight till six and then have dinner" is the secret watchword of the Big Two as they belabor each other with cardboard weapons. Or so it looks to the outsiders, though it is not quite certain yet whether they are right. At any rate this is a good moment for stepping back from the scene and taking a long look at the intellectual presuppositions underlying the cold war; and this is what the authors of *The Politics of Hysteria* have tried to do.

WHY then do I find their argument not wholly convincing? I suspect it has to do with their commitment to what, for brevity's sake and for want of a better term, may be called the philosophy of neo-conservatism. This attachment may seem odd in the case of two writers who want to transcend the cold war, and who are alert and sophisticated enough to credit Communism with the ability and the will to revolutionize stagnant societies that do not yield readily to conventional liberal treatment. But there's the rub: Stillman and Pfaff do not really like the world revolution that is now going on, in various forms and under different labels, all over the globe. They are put off by its crudities and by the grotesque forms it takes—in Egypt as well as in Cuba, in Indonesia no less than in China. What they like, I was going to say, is Western liberalism, but they don't really like that either, for they disapprove of the French Revolution. In the worst manner of Toynbee, Niebuhr, and other conservative sages, they class that great event—the true beginning of the modern age—with all the most senseless butcheries of ancient and modern history, down to the recent German catastrophe. They even suggest in all seriousness that "the excesses of France of the Revolution were related to the excesses of the wars of religion, and to the Spain of the Inquisition." The grain of sense in this otherwise nonsensical statement is the fact that, in a country weighed down by the tradition of absolutism and the Catholic Church, the Revolution was bound to be bloody. (It was, however, a lot less costly in human lives than the wars of religion.) To treat this as an occasion for a sermon on the unfortunate habit of "the West" to "turn violence to the service of idealism or a vision of truth," is to blur the essential distinction between meaningless slaughter and meaningful progress. What these treasonable clerks are after is nothing less than the abandonment of the entire liberal heritage, and the inculcation of a "tragic" pessimism whose theological roots they do not even bother to conceal.

The superficial attraction of the "tragic" view is considerable. Above all, in a country much given to a naïve kind of self-idolization, it makes it possible to criticize the official pieties from what looks like a superior vantage-point. The scales of justice can be held even. If Hitler was mad, the Allies at any rate were ruthless. If "the Nazi attempt to reduce the Poles and Russians to a subhuman status" stands condemned, so do "the calculated retaliatory acts of murder that were the Allied fire raids on Hamburg, Kassel, Dresden, and Tokyo; the atomic horrors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—these are events not easy to parallel in the earlier history of the world." Moreover, Hitler and Stalin were not the first despots to butcher millions of victims: Napoleon killed a lot of people too. And before that there was the Thirty Years War, and earlier still there were the Crusades. "Thus a quality of fanatic violence in Western civilization was already established in the Europe of the thirteenth century." In our own day this violence has assumed an ideological character: it has been directed to the attainment of supposedly ideal ends. "Here is a truly Faustian ambition—to transform by physical action not merely the earth, but the qualities of the creatures who dwell upon it . . ." And who doesn't know what happened to Faust in the last act?

All this is very true. Unfortunately, the way it is put by the authors suggests that they have swallowed a large dose of hokum about the superior spirituality of "the East" in general and India in particular. Their imagination takes wing at the thought that "the West" suffers from a peculiar urge—namely a "demonic" will to change the environment—unknown to other civilizations. In this they are right, and what is more, it is precisely this urge (whose roots are obscure) which has enabled Europe and America to crawl out of the slime in which other areas are still stuck. That Eastern spirituality Stillman and Pfaff so admire is the mark of a culture which, from time immemorial, has treated massacre, slavery, misery, infant mortality, the caste system, and the subjection of women, as evils not to be avoided, or even as the ransom of a greater good. Nor is it the case that violence and terror are Western traits. Stalin didn't shock the East—by Eastern standards his behavior was quite normal. The only people shocked by his (and Hitler's) massacres were Westerners: Americans and Europeans. For that matter, Hiroshima did not greatly shock the Japanese (setting aside the immediate survivors). Most of them fully expected to be butchered by the victors in cold blood: it was what they would have done.

One sometimes feels that the Russian Revolution has had the same kind of numbing effect on Americans that the French Revolution had on Englishmen of the past century. In both cases there is the same tendency to give up thinking

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about the future, on the grounds that history is a mess anyhow and talk about progress a joke in poor taste. But all the time the technological revolution goes on, and there will be found people with nerves strong enough to shape it. The spiritual self-flagellation recommended by fashionable sages in East and West does nothing to help. It can even be slightly repellent. "Skepticism and stoicism," we are told by the authors of this tract, ". . . are essential to arm men to endure the waste and perplexity of history; only they can save us from despair, or from the self-destroying recourse to a magical totalitarianism." Who are they to talk? What most people need, and haven't got, is not "skepticism and stoicism," but three square meals a day, and the right to be treated as human beings. To hell with neo-conservatives. If they can't stand the heat, let them get out of the kitchen. If they get too much in the way, there is a danger that the Communist cooks will take over. *They* are not full of modish despair, and their menu appeals to the masses. Are they to have a monopoly?

IT IS A RELIEF to turn from these lucubrations to Mr. Sinai. He at least is in no doubt that the "third world" stands in need of the most drastic reorganization. In fact he has gone out of his way to make himself unpopular with the tender-minded by stressing how backward the backward countries really are, notably in such matters as personal freedom, civil rights, and the overcoming of religious superstition. It is true that Stillman and Pfaff have something to say about that too, but they are so obsessed with the devastation caused by the impact of the West upon Africa and Asia that they tend to ignore the liberating effect. They positively bewail the damage caused to the Oriental psyche by the sudden confrontation with the modern world. Not only Communism, but liberalism too, is blamed for riding roughshod over these ancient cultures. This perverse nonsense—very fashionable now, one gathers, among American academics—is placed in its proper perspective by Mr. Sinai's first-hand account of present-day conditions in India and Burma. He has the courage—a century after Marx and Macaulay—to say what everyone knows but dare not admit: that conditions in these countries are dreadful because they have *not* been forcibly Westernized. I especially recommend his account of Burma to sentimentalists who believe the claims made on behalf of "Asian socialism"—socialism without tears, that is. I also recommend his chapter on "The Irrelevance of Asian Socialism." From this one may learn that the few genuinely modern-minded Socialists (such as Sjahrir in Indonesia) admire the West precisely because of its "Faustian" quality, i.e., because Western culture does *not* preach submission to fate. Men like Sjahrir know that modernization has been a failure because it has not been radical enough. The Western impact has been blunted, not least by Europe's reluctance to promote a thorough break with the past. Yet nothing is more certain than that modernization in the economic sphere cannot be got going until the cultural fabric —above all the stifling family system—has been shattered. All these archaic societies will have to be torn up by the roots and reorganized in far more drastic fashion than "Western imperialists" ever dared contemplate. They cannot, during the present century, hope to catch up with even the poorest parts of Europe in basic living standards; but they can at least avoid catastrophic famines and "population explosions." At present they are sinking deeper into the mire, and their Western friends are understandably getting fed up. Before they renounce the whole operation as a bad job, they might consider what is to happen if the race is lost to China.

It is to such perspectives that writers on the cold war necessarily turn when they lift their sights above the Iron Curtain running through the midst of Europe. I began by saying that to non-Europeans 1917 is a more significant date than 1914, and I am going to close on this note. But the Europeans are catching up. Sir William Hayter (late of the British Foreign Office) in his contribution to the *Survey* discussion already mentioned, alludes casually to the effect that "a series of Cubas in, say, Latin America or Southeast Asia" might have on the world balance of power. Most of us have now learned to think in these global terms. What we have not yet quite learned is how to relate this kind of thinking to the understanding of long-run social and cultural change. M. Aron (writing in the same number of *Survey*) approaches the theme from the familiar angle of postwar pragmatism. "It is true to say," he says, "that ideologies are dead in the advanced societies of the world (if we take an ideology to be a total interpretation of world history), but the statement does not apply to the countries in process of development." It doesn't apply to the others either, but let that pass. It is certainly true that revolutionary passions have cooled in the West (to the conservative, or the academic liberal, only revolutionary creeds are "ideological": his own thinking is exempt) and that something like a consensus is coming about in the most advanced countries. It is also true that Western conservatives have been unsuccessful in trying to impose their constipated outlook on people still struggling with the urgent problem of keeping alive. But it is emphatically *not* the case that the backward countries would do better if they adopted our own piecemeal approach. "Social engineering" is no answer to their problem. A "total interpretation of world history" is an urgent practical necessity for them if they are to break with the past and reshape their cultures; and until they do, they will make no material progress. It is odd that Americans, of all people, should need to be convinced of this truth.

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CECIL ROTH

NEW LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

UNTIL A VERY short while ago, the origin of the Dead Sea Scrolls seemed destined to remain one of the insoluble mysteries of history—at least so far as a small minority of skeptics was concerned, for majority opinion aligned itself very early and never saw any reason why its comfortable conclusions should be disturbed. It is necessary to recapitulate, very briefly. The Scrolls first came to light in 1947 in a cave near the northern end of the Dead Sea, and further finds were subsequently made in similar repositories in the same region. In this area also there were excavated in due course the remains of a nexus of buildings apparently adapted to a sort of group-living arrangement, to which the documents presumably bore some connection.

At the outset, the nature of the group in question, and consequently the provenance of this new literary hoard, seemed quite clear. There were a number of Old Testament scrolls and fragments which at first created the greatest excitement, for they were approximately one thousand years older than any texts of the Hebrew Bible hitherto known. In addition, there were many liturgical, exegetical, and organizational documents, pointing to the existence in this region of a sect organized on semi-monastic lines, and obviously standing outside the tradition of Rabbinic or Pharisaic Judaism—i.e., of Judaism as we know it today. Now, according to the writings of Pliny, the west bank of the Dead Sea was in the 1st century the center of the Essenes, the unworldly Jewish monastic sect who, because of the light they and their doctrines throw on the origins of Christianity, have attracted so much attention from historians of religion. Since the findings on the west bank of the Dead Sea obviously pertained to an ascetic sect dating back to the same period, it seemed equally obvious that what had been so amazingly discovered was the basic literature of the Essenes. Few disagreed with this natural conclusion, the one prominent exception being an American scholar, who in the face of all evidence to the contrary that has since accumulated, stoutly maintains, in season and out, that the Scrolls are medieval forgeries (whatever, precisely, that self-contradictory phrase may imply).

After the basic documents had been published and studied in detail, however, certain difficulties became evident. The area of Qumran where the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered was not, as it turned out, quite where Pliny says the Essenes had their center. According to Pliny, moreover, the Essenes continued to flourish after the conclusion of the great war against the Romans in 66-73 C. E., whereas the archaeological evidence indicates the Qumran center was utterly destroyed during the course of the hostilities. More important, the Essenes were, as we know, basically a sect of celibates, whereas the denizens of Qumran definitely were not. And above all, the Essenes were pacifist and therefore (as is clear from Pliny) respectfully tolerated even by the Romans, whereas the Qumran sect was nothing if not bellicose. Indeed, one of the most remarkable of the documents in question, "The Book of the War of the Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness," is dedicated solely to describing in minute military detail the last triumphant campaign of the Jews against their enemies.

All this made the original unquestioning identification of the Qumran sect with the Essenes improbable, to say the least. But the inability to change one's mind—or, at all events the reluctance to admit having done so—is one of the weaknesses of the human race. Scholars in general continue to adhere to the original view, entire volumes having by now been published which depend wholly on the flimsy hypothesis of an identity between the Qumran sect and the Essenes.

THE KEY figure to emerge from the Scrolls as the leader and, as it were, prophet of the sect is designated the Teacher of Righteousness. This personage appears in a series of Biblical glosses discovered among the Scrolls, the most remarkable being a kind of commentary on the Book of Habakkuk which formed part of the original cache, and which is preserved almost in its entirety. We are given a good deal of in-

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formation about the Teacher in various respects, but one episode stands out above all: how he was at loggerheads with "the Wicked Priest," apparently the representative of "official" Judaism at the time; how this same Wicked Priest was sent against him on the holy Day of Atonement to "swallow him up" (whether in a physical or spiritual sense, or whether this implies that the Teacher was killed, is not quite clear); and how God intervened to save him in due course. This episode seems to have been the sect's central historical experience (the Scrolls are full of allusions to it, direct or indirect), and scholars have accordingly been busily engaged in attempting to identify it and the principal persons involved.

One elaborate theory—which greatly excited uninformed opinion—located the episode in the pre-Christian period: the saintly Teacher of the sect was first persecuted by his enemies, then put to death by them (it was even added "by crucifixion," though this was nowhere stated, and though it is even doubtful whether the Teacher's persecution had a fatal outcome), and subsequently raised from the dead (because the Scrolls say at one point that God will "raise up" the Teacher of Righteousness at the "end of days"). In short, here, it seemed, was the basic Christian story in the literature of a Jewish sect which was believed to have flourished one or two centuries before the birth of Jesus. It is this sensational possibility rather than the real scientific or historical or literary interest of the documents—so important for Biblical study and for the history of the Jews and Judaism in the early centuries—which has been largely responsible for the widespread interest of the general public in the subject.

I DO NOT think it presumptuous to say that a new stage in these investigations began about six years ago when my own theory was first published.* I am a historian—having been engaged for forty years now in the profession. Although I have a working knowledge of Hebrew, I make no claim to being an expert in the events of the 1st century, for my researches have been restricted on the whole to medieval and modern times. But methods of historical scholarship are the same, whatever period one is dealing with; and it seems to me I have been able to bring to bear on the problem in question a more reliable technique than that of the philologists, archaeologists, and theologians, all enormously expert in their own fields, in whose hands the inquiry at first rested.

We must start from the assumption that the documents belong to the period round about the beginning of the Christian era, an assumption generally conceded by all scholars but one and confirmed by the carbon-14 test. The documents reflect the following historical circumstances: Palestine and the Jews are menaced by a people from overseas (referred to in the Scrolls by the Biblical name *Kittim*), a people of irresistible military power, who with their mighty armaments are massed at the country's borders, ready to sweep down and crush any resistance in their path. As almost all investigators have agreed from the beginning, the only people of the age to whom such a description could possibly apply are the Romans. (It has been demonstrated that even the armaments and weapons described in the Scrolls are those which were in use in the 1st century by the Romans.) The country itself, according to the documents, was at the time ruled by a national Jewish government led by the Priesthood (there is no suggestion of a monarchy), and with the so-called Wicked Priest at the head of the administration.

Now, all these conditions were exactly fulfilled at one point in Jewish history, and one point alone—at the outset of the great revolt against Rome in the year 66, when the Romans had been forced to withdraw temporarily but were preparing to return in overwhelming might, and when there ruled in Jerusalem a coterie of aristocratic priests (who had, in some cases reluctantly, put themselves at the head of the revolutionaries and were suspected of wishing to come to terms with the Romans).

But was there at this time any persecution by the Priests of a particular sect, or a particular sectarian leader who might have been designated by his followers the Teacher of Righteousness? We turn to Josephus, to all intents and purposes our only authority, and reread his account of those stirring days—and there it is. Among the Jewish sects of the period were the followers of the "Fourth Philosophy" of Judah the Galilaean—the extreme wing of the Zealot party which led the resistance against the Romans—known because of the violence of their methods as *Sicarii* or "dagger men." At the start of the revolt in the summer of 66, they seized the great fortress of Masadah overhanging the Dead Sea, equipped themselves from the store of arms they found there, and then marched under Menahem, Judah the Galilaean's only surviving son, to Jerusalem, where they took the lead in the final and decisive stage of the military operations against the Romans. But there was friction and rivalry between Menahem and Eleazar the Priest, Captain of the Temple, who had formerly been regarded by the malcontents as their leader. In consequence, when Menahem (whom Josephus terms, like his father, a *"sophistes"*—i.e., a teacher) went up to the Temple with his followers to sacrifice, they were set upon by Eleazar's followers. Menahem fled and was ultimately slain. His surviving followers made their way back to

* See Dr. Roth's article, "A Solution to the Mystery of the Scrolls," COMMENTARY, October 1957.—ED.

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Masadah under the leadership of his nephew Eleazar ben Jair (also to be regarded as a religious teacher, like his uncle and grandfather). There they held out for another seven years in defiance of the Romans on the one hand and of the "corrupt" Priestly regime in Jerusalem on the other.

The correspondence between Josephus's account and the scene depicted in the Scrolls could not be more exact. And two small details seem to make the identification certain. First, the Teacher of Righteousness was assailed, we are told in the Scrolls, on the Day of Atonement; the attack on Menahem in the Temple took place, we are informed by Josephus, shortly after the sixth day of the month of Gorpiaeus—i.e., at approximately the same date. Secondly, Josephus informs us that Menahem had an associate named Absalom, who suffered at the same time as his leader; in the Dead Sea Scrolls it appears that the Teacher of Righteousness had an associate named Absalom, whose followers failed to come to his aid in time, thus sealing his fate. Given so close a parallel, it is hardly possible to doubt that this was the central historical episode in the theology of the Dead Sea sect, and that the Teacher of Righteousness, if he was indeed put to death (which is improbable) was the sophist Menahem, or, if he survived (as seems more likely), was his nephew and fellow sophist Eleazar, who escaped alive and subsequently headed the resistance movement from his stronghold at Masadah. The Dead Sea sect, then, were not pacifist Essenes, as had so stalwartly and indeed so plausibly been maintained, but rather war-like *Sicarii*-Zealots, whose chief center was in approximately the same area but somewhat further to the south.* If this identification is denied, it becomes necessary to postulate that at the time of the revolt against Rome which began in 66 there lived not far apart from one another on the west bank of the Dead Sea, at Qumran and Masadah respectively, two different sects, each of them intensely anti-Roman and at the same time in fierce opposition to the central Priestly administration in Jerusalem; each of them venerating the personality of a Teacher (of Righteousness in the eyes of his followers) who was persecuted by the Priesthood in Jerusalem on or about the time of the Day of Atonement; and each of these Teachers, moreover, having a close associate by the name of Absalom!

If, on the other hand, the identity of the Qumran sect with the *Sicarii*-Zealots is accepted, very much more in the Scrolls can be explained, including details of the Roman armaments, of their armies' advance, of the fate of the revolutionary leaders, and so on.

One single point may be mentioned to illustrate this. The Habakkuk commentary refers with loathing to how the *Kittim* offer up sacrifices to their military standards. That was a Roman practice—and the first time it is known to have taken place was when the legionaries captured Jerusalem in the summer of 70 and set up their standards in the Temple courtyard. This piece of evidence alone should have been sufficient to determine the date of composition of the work in question, and its general setting. Moreover, the Zealot hypothesis would explain the further discovery in one of the caves near Qumran, with other documents of the same type as the Dead Sea Scrolls, of two mysterious copper scrolls apparently giving details of where the Temple treasure was hidden after the fall of Jerusalem.

THESE CONCLUSIONS, which I arrived at by means of the usual historical reasoning, seemed to me inescapable. The only thing that continued to mystify me was why something so obvious had not been realized before, and by scholars far better qualified than I am to work upon this period. When, however, I published the preliminary results of my investigation (in a small volume and a series of articles in 1957-8), my views were greeted not merely with disagreement but with almost universal derision. To my amazement, I found that in the circles dealing with this period and this subject there obtained a standard of language and conduct, as well as of research, the like of which I had never experienced in my career as a historian. I may cite as characteristic a statement by a Professor Sandmel, which was seized upon and quoted with gusto by other critics. My hypothesis, said the professor, "wins by a length . . . the race for the most preposterous of the theories about the Scrolls." Most of the "learned" periodicals did not even trouble to notice the book at all, the sales were negligible, and my theories did not make the slightest impact. Meanwhile work after work on the Scrolls continued to appear, still based on the old and certainly untenable (whether or not my own views were correct) Essene hypothesis. Some even contained maps of the area copiously indicating the purported location of the Essene settlements!

With very few exceptions, even those who did me the courtesy of reading my book did not think it worthwhile to reply seriously to arguments that they considered wholly fantastic. So far as any rebuttals were made at all, they were

* The term "Zealot" does not refer, as so many who write on this period imagine, to all those who fought to the end against the Romans. It is used by Josephus to designate a section of this element—a section which had its own leadership and was held together by specific beliefs and doctrines. The *Sicarii* of Masadah may be considered the extreme wing of this section. When writers on the Dead Sea Scrolls have casually asserted (without proof, indeed), that the Essenes became associated with the Zealots at the close, meaning that they took up arms against the Romans, they have confused the issue. An Essene, even if he joined in the Revolt, could not became a Zealot, for their basic doctrines were fundamentally different.

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sporadic and to a great extent inconsequential. These reactions may have been due, I fear, to resentment (and not always unconscious) at the intrusion of a medievalist into this specialized field. As one highly respected American archaeologist remarked, my book showed the dangers of trying to solve such problems on the basis of history alone. A curious criticism, it seems to me, for do not the same methods of historical investigation apply to all periods?

More reasoned opposition was advanced by Father de Vaux in his celebrated Schweich lectures delivered before the British Academy in 1959, and subsequently published. But here, too, the historian found himself in a new world where the scholarly standards and methods to which he was accustomed evidently did not apply. For Father de Vaux postulated quite arbitrarily that none of the documents found in the Dead Sea caves could have been composed after the destruction of the monastic center at Qumran—this notwithstanding the discovery there of the copper scrolls listing the Temple treasure, which it is universally agreed are posterior to that event. When, then, in Father de Vaux's opinion, was Qumran destroyed? On the evidence of a token of the Tenth Legion which was discovered at Qumran, and on the basis of the assertion that according to Josephus, Vespasian advanced in the summer of 68 with the Tenth Legion from Caesarea down the Jordan valley and reached Jericho, near Qumran—Father de Vaux asked whether it was not self-evident that the token was mislaid at Qumran at this time, thus fixing precisely, almost within weeks, the date of the center's capture by the Romans. None of the Dead Sea documents could therefore be later than this period, the summer of 68. Consulting Josephus, however, we find that in the campaign in question Vespasian did *not* march from Caesarea; his line of advance was *not* down the Jordan valley; and he did *not* have with him the Tenth Legion, then on special duty elsewhere! In addition, it subsequently transpired that what had been identified as a token of the Legion was in fact a coin of Ascalon of a later date which had been wrongly identified.

Another argument brought up against me was that my assumption that Masadah and Qumran belonged to the same geographical area was erroneous. A fair distance separates the two, as well as almost insuperable natural barriers, and hence—so I was told—it is out of the question that there could have been any close association between the two centers. However, during the past couple of years, legal documents from Masadah of a somewhat later date have been discovered in the Qumran area, so that this argument (for what it was worth) automatically collapsed. And, as we shall see presently, there is now the most positive evidence of close association between the two centers.

My critics have also raised other objections. If the Qumran sect did, in fact, exist in the period of the war against the Romans of 66-73, why were they so bitterly opposed to the revolutionary leaders? Why did they not march to the relief of the Holy City in its agony in the spring and early summer of the year 70? These arguments, however, present no problem at all, for my postulate concerning the leaders of the Qumran sect corresponds in any case with Josephus's description of the *Sicarii* of Masadah. Besides, the line of conduct pursued by the Qumran leaders must seem to the student of history natural enough, for it accords perfectly with standard revolutionary and, indeed, sectarian psychological patterns. The extreme revolutionary wing invariably accuses the more moderate one in due course of counter-revolutionary tendencies; the original leaders are then frequently discarded and in many cases switch back their allegiance and "betray the revolution"; a wave of terror often follows, inspired by the purest of motives and sometimes implemented by the most spiritual of demagogues, against those who were once idols of the people. The scene as I reconstructed it appeared paradoxical, if not incredible, to my philologist or archaeologist critics. But to any student interested in the history of sectarianism or the history of revolution, it is absolutely logical and even, one might say, inevitable.

THE BASIC objection to my views, however, whether expressed or not, and the one which caused them to be characterized as wholly preposterous, stemmed from my suggestion that the God-intoxicated sect whose literature has survived in the Dead Sea Scrolls was actually the Zealots, the bloodthirsty political extremists so unfavorably depicted in the pages of Josephus. In this crucial divergence, the importance of a trained historical approach becomes apparent. For what the non-historian could not recognize was that Josephus was employing all the standard counter-revolutionary commonplaces invoked by their enemies against revolutionaries in whatever era: that they are immoral, godless, corrupt, and love destruction for its own sake. What Josephus said about the Zealots of his day is no different from what was said about the fathers of the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution and the American Revolution and the English Revolution of the 17th century. It is similar to what was said in the communiqués of the German High Command about the resistance movements in France and Italy and Poland during World War II.

Elsewhere, however, Josephus makes it clear that the Zealots (or rather the *Sicarii*) were far from being mere political extremists and advocates of violence. He includes them among the various religious sects into which the Jewish people were divided in his day, by the side of the

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Essenes and the Sadducees and the Pharisees. He also indicates the basis of their distinctive theological outlook—the dogma that it was a mortal sin to admit any sovereignty over the Jewish people but the sovereignty of God. From this dogma, the rest followed ineluctably—both the Romans and those Jewish leaders who advocated submission to the Romans must be disposed of by whatever means, including assassination.

The political intransigence of the Zealots was thus implicit in their religious doctrine, even as their implacable violence was a logical consequence of their all-embracing religious dogma. Moreover, the essentially doctrinal rather than merely political nature of this sect is quite clearly suggested by Josephus when he alludes to the successive leaders, Judah and Menahem (and presumably the latter's successor Eleazar ben Jair as well) as *"sophistai"* or, teachers. It is true that Josephus nowhere explicitly states that the *Sicarii* followed any distinctive religious practices as the Qumran sect apparently did (especially in the matter of the religious calendar), but there was no particular reason why he should have. Except as regards the Essenes, whose ascetic organization had a certain publicity value for his purpose, Josephus precisely delineates only the characteristics which differentiated the sects from one another—in the case of the *Sicarii,* for example, their insistence on the exclusive sovereignty of God over the Jewish people. A moment's consideration, however, is enough to tell us that this doctrine itself must have implied certain variant religious practices—for example, the prohibition (referred to in the New Testament) against touching money bearing the likeness of the Roman emperor. On the one hand, nothing in the code of the Qumran sect is at variance with what we know of the *Sicarii*-Zealot religious observance; on the other, it is possible to say positively that the Qumran sect can be identified neither with the Essenes nor the Pharisees nor the Sadducees as those groups are described by Josephus. Unless there existed yet another group of which we have no record whatsoever, then, the sect in question must have been the Zealots—the only contemporary body against which, at least so far as the religious issue is concerned, there is at all events no contrary evidence.

NOTHING, it seemed to me, could challenge the validity of this historical reasoning, but it seemed equally clear that nothing could have any impact on those unable to follow it—except the emergence of new evidence that would decide the matter incontrovertibly. Such evidence has now, I am happy to say, come to light, and the result is that the mystery of the Dead Sea Scrolls is no longer a mystery.

During the past winter, Professor Yigal Yadin of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem undertook, in his usual superbly organized fashion, a campaign of excavation at Masadah, a hitherto imperfectly explored site. Masadah is situated at the summit of an almost unscalable hill overhanging the western bank of the Dead Sea, about thirty miles south of Qumran, where the bulk of the Scrolls were found. The late Hasmonaeans constructed a fortress there, which was transformed by Herod the Great into a luxurious palace. (Josephus describes this structure in minute detail, and his description had been confirmed point for point in the course of earlier excavations, even before Yadin began his operations.) On the death of Herod, the Romans converted the palace into a garrison-fortress which was used to overawe the neighboring terrain. Early in 66, the garrison was captured, as mentioned above, by Menahem ben Judah at the head of the *Sicarii,* who equipped themselves from its lavish arsenal before marching on Jerusalem. After Menahem's assassination that autumn, his nephew and successor, Eleazar ben Jair, withdrew to the fortress with his surviving followers; repulsed successive expeditions sent from Jerusalem to quell them; joined for a time with other extremists only to quarrel with them soon after; extended his hold on the surrounding area; carried out forays both against isolated Roman forces and against villages which had remained loyal to the Provisional Revolutionary Government in the capital; and continued to glower defiance at the outside world from his impregnable fortress, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. In all this, Eleazar and his followers were obviously buoyed up by the belief endemic to religious revolutionaries everywhere—that only when God's will was made supreme and their internal opponents overthrown would they be able to triumph over their external enemies and the "end of days" foretold in prophecy be brought to pass.

In these circumstances they continued to hold out, not only until the Romans had occupied most of the surrounding area, but even after the fall of Jerusalem itself in the summer of 70. The Roman offensive against this remote outpost of revolt was for one reason or another delayed —a fact which no doubt helped raise Eleazar's expectations. But finally, in the year 73, siege was laid to Masadah. (The Roman siege-works at the foot of the mountain are still virtually intact, again confirming Josephus's description.) In the end, the defenders were starved out, and committed collective suicide rather than surrender. The legionaries then surged into the fortress, which they systematically destroyed.

From that day on, the site was desolate, and being so remote from any inhabited area, remained almost completely untouched. Thus we have an invaluable dateline for anything discovered in the ruins: any findings must necessarily antedate the fifteenth of the month of Xanthicus

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(i.e., about the beginning of May) in the year 73. Leaving out of the present account the other recent discoveries at this site, let us concentrate on what concerns us most here. Near the ruins of what was apparently a hall that served as a synagogue, Professor Yadin found fragments of various scrolls, mostly Biblical, in a script resembling that of the Dead Sea Scrolls and obviously (if only on paleographical grounds) belonging to the same milieu. Among them is part of a curious liturgical document containing hymns to be sung week by week to correspond with the Sabbath sacrifice—of which other substantial fragments had been found some time before in the Qumran caves! Moreover, this curious liturgy is conceived in accordance with the peculiar, as it were "heretical," calendar of the Qumran sect about which there has been so much discussion among scholars during the past few years.

Thus we now know for certain that the literature and theology of the Dead Sea sect were current at Masadah also: i.e., that the denizens of Masadah belonged to the same body as the sectarians of Qumran, just as I demonstrated in 1957-8. It must be emphasized that the document in question is not of the "casual" Qumran type —such as a book of praise or psalms, for example, which might have validity anywhere. It is a document of the most clear-cut nature, embodying the most distinctive, and from the point of view of universal Judaism most objectionable, feature of the Qumran sect—their adherence to a unique calendar of their own on the basis of which they calculated their own proper times for the observance of the feasts and even of the Day of Atonement, which times alone were pleasing (and in the last-named case, truly efficacious) in the sight of God. If this literature was current in Masadah, and was read (as seems clear) in the liturgy there, there can be no doubt whatsoever that the defenders of Masadah and the monks of Qumran belonged to the same religious faction. Hence the Qumran sect were neither the ascetic Essenes, nor the aristocratic Sadducees, nor the studious Pharisees, but beyond any doubt the aggressive, bellicose, *Sicarii*-Zealots, dedicated to the doctrine of the sole sovereignty of God over his people.

Professor Yadin, who is responsible for this discovery, but has been from the beginning a stalwart champion of the Essene thesis, has attempted to denigrate its significance. He explains the presence at Masadah of this remarkable document by the possibility that an Essene fugitive brought it there after the fall of Qumran, the Essenes having by then given up their pacifist principles.* But we have no evidence that this was so, or that refugees from Qumran ever found their way to Masadah—where, with their pacifist record, they could hardly have been welcomed. (I cannot help remembering ironically in this connection that one of the arguments brought up against me in the past was precisely that Masadah is inaccessible from Qumran!) Were Professor Yadin's thesis admitted, we would indeed be faced with the quandary described earlier in this article in an even more extreme form: we would have to assume that there existed in Masadah itself at the beginning of the year 73 two different sects, each of which venerated a Teacher of Righteousness who was assailed in Jerusalem by a Wicked Priest on or about the Day of Atonement, and that both Teachers had a close associate named Absalom.

The conclusion is inescapable. The two sects were one, and Qumran was part of the republic of the *Sicarii*-Zealots of Masadah.

NOW THAT the Qumran sect is finally identified with the *Sicarii*-Zealots of Masadah, it is irrefutably established that the literature of the Dead Sea Scrolls is in fact the literature, not of a pre-Christian mystery sect nor of medieval Karaites nor of contemplative Essenes, but rather of the extremist leaders in the great revolt against Rome in 66-73. We were already informed by Josephus how in the last days of the siege the streets of Jerusalem were filled with prophets and prophesies. Now we know something of the nature of those prophesies. We know the language in which they were conceived, as well as something of the ideas and ideals behind them. And we know what incited these grim fighters for freedom to continue the struggle when their whole world had toppled into ruins around them.

What we knew formerly of all this came from the partisan reports of the contemptible Jewish quisling, Flavius Josephus. Now at last we have a glimpse of the spiritual background of the period as it appeared to those whom he betrayed when they were living and vilified when they were dead. I am, I suppose, a bit of a jingoist, but I can hardly imagine a discovery which from the Jewish point of view is more exciting than this final identification of the literature of the last defenders of Jerusalem and Masadah.

* Professor Yadin relies for his hypothesis solely on the record of the ill-starred insurgent general mentioned by Josephus, John the Essene, to whom so much attention is now being paid after nearly two thousand years. Except for his name, we know nothing whatsoever about John except that he was appointed a provincial governor at the outset of the Revolt in the autumn of 66, and fell in the disastrous attack on Ascalon almost immediately afterward. Obviously, therefore, he must have made his name known as a partisan leader either before the Revolt started, or else in the course of the initial operations. Just as obviously, the fact of his existence cannot be used to prove that later on, when the country was in danger, the Essenes as a body (or in large numbers at least) gave up their pacifist principles and took up arms. John may, in fact, never even have been a member of the sect: the designation "Essene" in his case may also mean "the taciturn."

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MARTIN MAYER

SCHOOLS, SLUMS & MONTESSORI

THE SCANDAL of modern education for slum children has lately become a matter of national discussion and worry. Since the Second World War, the gap has steadily widened between the educational accomplishments of middle-class children and of working-class children (particularly of Negro working-class children). Insensibly, our methods of instruction and our curriculum have come to assume greater and greater contributions by the home to the education of the child; and where these contributions are lacking, the schools are simply ineffective. The circle is as vicious as can be: because the school is ineffective, it is assumed that the child is no good, a proposition which is then verified by the class-biased IQ test; and because the child is no good, his teachers must not try to teach him much, for fear of damaging his mental health, until he finally emerges from the descending spiral, into the gutter, barely literate and thoroughly incompetent. This procedure is called "democratic," because teachers are always telling the child about democracy, and supervisors are always telling teachers about democracy, and the supervisors of the supervisors are always telling the public about democracy. Clio, disguised as Lawrence Cremin, angrily calls, "Fraud!"

The pattern of our failures was a generation in the building, and it will not be broken by political decisions, even if they involve the expenditure of billions of dollars of new tax money. The sad fact is that we do not at present know how to give a reasonable education to a reasonable proportion of the children of impoverished homes in mid-century America. Every analyst has his own nostrum—based on team teaching (in Pittsburgh), or ungraded classes (in Chicago), or *Gemeinfassliche Kultur* (in New York), or some vague and vaguely glorious revolution (Paul Goodman), or the imaginative use of group pressures (in St. Louis). But all will agree, with varying enthusiasm, that extensive and intelligent pre-kindergarten and kindergarten programs would be a help, and in this context there is no escaping the work of Maria Montessori.

MARTIN MAYER's best-known book is *The Schools*. The present essay has been adapted from his introduction to *The Montessori Method*, to be re-published this month by Robert Bentley, Inc., Cambridge, Mass.

As recently as five years ago, anyone so rash as to mention Montessori to a group of American educators would have been told not to trouble his head over her: William Heard Kilpatrick, the leading popularizer of Dewey, had "disproved her." Her work has been brought back to prominence in the United States partly by the new concern over the education of unlucky children, both the genetically and the environmentally crippled, which inevitably looks back to the few examples of success with this intractable task and finds Montessori working cheerfully and productively with children in hospitals, at her *Case dei Bambini* in the primitive housing projects of Rome, in the slums of London, and (toward the end of her long life) in India. Indeed, none of the fashionable recent descriptions of the American poor is so directly disturbing as Montessori's comment on what she found waiting for her at the opening of school in San Lorenzo: "Sixty tearful, frightened children, so shy that it was impossible to get them to speak, with bewildered eyes, as though they had never seen anything in their lives." Yet two years later these children, age six, were performing as well as the eight-year-olds in the middle-class elementary schools of Rome.

Fundamentally, however, Montessori is honored today for her original insight into the nature of the learning process and the potential of the school. It *was* insight, too, much as she claimed for herself the virtues of science: her notion that there is such a thing as an "experiment *without preconceptions of any sort*" shows her limitations in this direction. Montessori on education brings to mind the description of Kean's Hamlet, which was, Hazlitt said, like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. But at those moments when her hard-working observation brought revelation, Montessori was incomparably shrewd.

"We do not start," she writes in *The Montessori Method*, "from the conclusions of experimental psychology. That is, it is not the knowledge of the average sense conditions according to the age of the child which leads us to determine the educational applications we shall make. We start essentially from a method, and it is probable that psychology will be able to draw its conclusions from pedagogy so understood, and not vice versa." Jerome Bruner writes better than that, but Montessori's statement is an accurate description of

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what he has been doing at Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies and in his meetings with the math and science reformers. Instead of prescribing instructional procedures from learning theory, which is what American educational academicians have been trying unsuccessfully for half a century, Bruner has been working to develop a theory of instruction from what he observes in selected classrooms, hoping all the while that somewhere within this theory of instruction a valid learning theory will have left a trackable spoor. Montessori would approve.

BORN IN 1870, Maria Montessori was the first female ever granted a medical degree by an Italian university. Her posture toward the world was that of the aggressive late-19th-century feminist (though apparently without the lesbian overtones that were common to the tribe). Helen Parkhurst, founder of the Dalton Plan and the Dalton School, and one of Montessori's earliest disciples in the United States, recently blamed the collapse of Montessori's reputation here less on any arguments against her procedures than on the educational community's scandalized discovery that the lady's companion and translator on her American trip was her natural son and *not,* as advertised, her nephew.

Then, as now, women did not go to medical school for the purpose of becoming teachers. Montessori, who never had an education course (yes, Virginia, there were education courses in the 1890's, too), came to the problems of schools in general from work with the mentally retarded. As an intern in psychiatry, she had become especially interested in the feeble-minded children then housed at all-age insane asylums, and in Edward Seguin's notion that the most effective therapy for many of these children would be education.

Presently, at the age of twenty-eight, Montessori became directress of a tax-supported school for defective children (perhaps the one occasion when being feminine was a help to her: a male doctor of twenty-eight would surely not have been entrusted with such responsibility, but it seemed only natural for a woman to be running a school). Working thirteen hours a day with the children, she developed materials and methods which allowed them to perform reasonably well on school problems previously considered far beyond their capacity. Her great triumph, in reality and in the newspapers, came when she presented "idiot" children from mental institutions at the public examinations for primary certificates, which was as far as the average Italian ever went in formal education—and her children passed the exam. Thereafter, by her own desire and by public demand, she was an educator, not a medical doctor.

It is important to keep in mind that the word "idiot" as Montessori uses it in her writings was a general term at the turn of the century, and did not have its modern meaning of total incapacity. The great majority of her children unquestionably fell in the range now described simply as "retarded" (IQ 50-75), though it is not inconceivable that there were some who would have measured in the range now labeled "imbecile." (There were, of course, no IQ scores in those days—Binet and Simon did not publish the first of their tests until 1905.) The unhappy human beings psychologists now call "idiot" (IQ below 25) are essentially ineducable by anybody's methods, and usually so severely damaged that they do not reach maturity. Even the conventionally retarded, however, are hard enough to salvage, as everyone knows who has ever visited a "special" class in a modern school, and not many of them get to the level we would regard as satisfactory for an average twelve-year-old. Montessori's accomplishment continues to gleam through the ages, and one can well believe that she felt "a peculiar form of exhaustion." Still, she drew from her experience a typically vigorous conclusion—that if *these* children could be brought to the academic levels reached by normal children, then there had to be something horribly wrong with the education of normal children. And so she moved on to the normal children of the slums.

Like many strong-minded people who denounce society for its arbitrary and cruel restrictions on liberty, Montessori herself had a highly authoritarian temperament, which allowed disciples but never collaborators. She was more than the leader of the group which worked with her—she was their mother, and they called her *"Mammolina."* Among the weaknesses of her movement over the years was her inability to accept the need for what are called T_2's in the notation of the National Science Foundation. (T_3's teach children; T_2's, the professors of education, teach the teachers; and T_1's invent programs and train the T_2's. Montessori insisted that she was the *only* T_1, and she never tried to create T_2's who could spread her ideas. Indeed, her training programs concluded with the issuance of a certificate which allowed its possessor to describe herself as a Montessori teacher, but specifically forbade her to hold herself out as an instructor in The Method.) In her writings, Montessori usually brings up a teacher's conduct of a class for purposes of criticizing it, to show her students what they must avoid. She could see the possibility that she and her disciples might *both* be wrong, but not that she could be wrong when her disciples were right. One of the confusions that doomed her early followers in this country was the belief that Montessori's commitment to "liberty" somehow involved a similar commitment to what Americans call "democracy." But there was nothing in her background, training, temperament, or life-style that could have made Montessori an American democrat; and she wasn't.

Montessori's idea of "liberty" makes little contact with that word as it was defined by Kant or as it is understood in northern Protestant countries.

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Her "liberty" is that of Catholic tradition, which offers an absolute freedom to do what is right, but reserves to authority at all times the power of determining what is wrong. Conventional critics of Montessori who worried about "anarchy" in her classrooms were wildly off the mark—though Montessori classrooms in other countries, particularly non-Catholic countries, probably fell into occasional chaos, even as do our own "progressive" classrooms.

It is hard at this distance in time to see why so many people, both supporters and opponents, went so far wrong in their judgment of what Montessori's procedures meant. She states her position quite plainly in *The Montessori Method*: the teacher must not interfere with any activity of the child which may be educational, but "useless or dangerous acts . . . must be *suppressed, destroyed.*" Montessori lectures the teacher who has learned too well the lesson of freedom: "Then I had to intervene to show with what absolute rigor it is necessary to hinder, and little by little to suppress, all those things which we must not do, so that the child may come to discern clearly between good and evil." As hierophant of her own method, Montessori reserved for herself the judgment of good and evil in childish actions. The real worry about her, as some critics saw, lay not in the danger of anarchy but in the danger of unnecessary rigor. A case can be made to justify Dewey's fear that the Montessori procedure was philosophically similar to that of conventional schools—the teacher continued to be the sole judge of what the child might do, and merely expanded from its previously strait condition the range of activity that was permissible.

A case can be made—but not a strong one. All differences can be treated as differences of degree, but somewhere they pass the shadow line that makes them differences in kind. If Montessori did not believe in "liberty" as Tom Paine knew it, she did believe quite profoundly—for reasons tracing back to St. Francis of Sales more than to Rousseau—that the child left to himself *must* will what is good for him. In fact, then, Montessori was prepared to let children make the vast majority of decisions for themselves. Though her theory could have led her the other way, Montessori in the classroom was forever urging her teachers to leave the children alone, to tolerate disorder and mess and apparently random or even self-punishing behavior, on the grounds that the child probably knew what he was about better than the teacher could know it. She brushes aside quickly (and without specific advice) the question of how to handle the disruptive child; indeed, she is prepared to expel from the Children's House "those who show themselves to be incorrigible." (These situations do not arise, in part, probably, because of The Method, and in part because Montessori schools have always been voluntary and to a degree selective.) What she lingers over are the delights and benefits of liberty, in the setting of the Montessori classroom.

But the Montessori classroom is not like other classrooms. Here the process of education is controlled not by the interpersonal relations of teacher with children and children with each other, but by the "didactic materials" that have been supplied to the school and that are the *only* objects of interest to which the child has access. Montessori is quite specific in this area, too, and she makes an important claim for her material: that it "contains within itself the control of error." Later she filed the argument down to an aphorism: "*Motto*: Things are the best teachers." This logic sticks in the American craw, even today. Yet in all truth Montessori's "didactic material" is nothing more or less than what the new breed of science educators calls "hardware." And the liberty which Montessori praises is nothing more or less than the reliance upon induction to which modern educators have given the disgusting name, "discovery method."

Montessori is beautifully untroubled by traditional questions of educational philosophy. When they arise, she protects herself against them by a quasi-religious, personal mysticism. Few people who actually work with children ever do worry much about the aims of education—it seems obvious enough that the purpose of the enterprise is to help children become decent and competent men and women in the society where they will live, and that over the long run decency requires competence (ignorance is no better an excuse in ethics than it is in law). There are professions where the lack of a philosophy can be crippling. (One of these days, the doctors are going to have to face up to what is meant by the Hippocratic Oath in a time of greatly increased technical facility, and ask seriously about the purpose of keeping human vegetables alive, prolonging the final stages of inevitably fatal disease at great agony and ruinous expense.) In education, fortunately, the common sense of the teacher in the classroom is an excellent philosophical guide, always provided it has not been destroyed by dogmatic indoctrination in ritual teacher training.

In her neglect of philosophical questions, however, Montessori goes a step further: she assumes not only that we know the aims of the enterprise as a whole, but also that we know what it is we wish to teach in any given area. This is, educationally, a luxurious attitude, available only to those who are willing to stress the individual acquisition of skills and tools which the student will use for his own purposes. Each bit of material, each piece of hardware, can then be judged on a purely pragmatic basis: does the child "learn" (grow in competence) from contact with the material? But in Montessori's own hands, the approach is never naïve, because she sees with great clarity (though

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she never writes about it) the essentially ambivalent nature of the learning process.

Education, at bottom, involves an improvement in the ability to discriminate among different classes of stimuli, accompanied by an improvement in the ability to generalize discrete classes into linked groups of classes. Most theorists emphasize one or the other; today the conventional wisdom of educators stresses the second category, the acquisition of "concepts," which are usually third-generation abstractions couched in imprecise language. (Even mathematical language can be vague—"$s=16t^2$" is not worth much unless the units of "s" and "t" are agreed upon ahead of time.) With the possible exception of the geometric shapes, all the Montessori materials are designed to be useful for both educational purposes: children handling the silken colors or the cylinders or the sand letters first tell them apart, then arrange them in useful orders. Over and over again, the effort is made to refine perception (most beautifully, perhaps, in the insistence on the periods of absolute silence, to lower the threshold of recognition of sounds), and then to make sense of what is perceived.

ALL THIS is fairly easy to say, but exceedingly difficult to do. Given a little dramatic instinct, the attention-getting device of the human voice, the stick of the examination, and the carrot of praise, a teacher can persuade the majority of a class to reproduce for her on demand whatever it is she has fed out. To organize a child's experiences in such a way that he comes out of them with what you want him to have is a far more complicated job. Most of what even a fairly young child knows and can do in Western society is beyond the innate equipment of the animal; as the biologist P. B. Medawar recently wrote, we are all born into the Old Stone Age, and in theory could stay there. Accepting the human need for knowledge—the drive to organize perceptions and secure an equilibrium of prediction—it still remains true that the organism is easily satisfied. All kinds of sympathetic magic will be accepted, by children or (to use an unfashionable word) by savages, as an appropriate and usable explanation of raw experience. Unaided, induction from life itself is likely to be misleading (Dewey points this up unusually well in *How We Think*), and the essence of the inductive approach is rigorous limitation of the aid to be given. Life must therefore be rearranged, very cleverly, to provide abstract experiences that start the mind on paths which actually go somewhere.

To achieve such results, the didactic materials must be:

(1) simple—which does *not* mean "easy." The materials must be precisely denotative in terms of the discriminations to be learned, and not at all connotative. Teaching by an inductive approach, whether it involves concrete materials or words, rests first of all on the exclusion of irrelevancy. The lesson, Montessori writes, "must be stripped of all that is not absolute truth." Montessori reserves her greatest scorn for the teachers who complicate a lesson; and she disposes once and for all of the notion that there is some value to gaining a child's attention through the employment of a trick not directly related to the subject matter.

Didactic materials must also be:

(2) inherently interesting. Montessori makes much of the children who go on and on with the same repetitive game, arranging and rearranging a set of the materials. Any nursery-school teacher knows how often a child left to himself will go back to the same puzzle he solved yesterday, simply for the pleasure of getting it right, though puzzles easier or harder than this one—or, apparently, to adult eyes, more interesting—are lying untouched upon the shelves. Generally speaking, the rule is that one does not know what will interest a child until one tries it. This difficulty (while real) is less severe than the others, because it can be met simply by quantity and liberty—if the teacher leaves enough stuff around the room, the child will find something that interests him. Boredom is most likely to arise when the teacher forces the situation, insisting that everybody must be interested in the same story or demonstration or lesson.

If the children are to be working largely on their own, however, it is also necessary that the materials be:

(3) self-correcting. Montessori lays great stress on the idea that the teacher must not tell children they are wrong, but must rather put the materials away and try again later. Such actions may be frustrating for the child, who wants to know what is going on, and one imagines that the letter (if not the spirit) of the rule was often violated by Montessori herself as well as by her directresses. But the insight is certainly true: unless the child can see for himself whether an answer is right or wrong, didactic materials are likely to be ineffective. This self-correcting quality is what Montessori means by "objectivity," and it is most easily achieved when there are literal objects which the child has arranged either correctly or incorrectly, and which he can then step back to examine. The evanescence of words makes the spoken answer extremely difficult to use for inductive purposes unless it can be instantly inserted into a written problem. Written answers to written questions may meet the specifications, if the lesson has been really imaginatively planned. There is no reason why a child cannot be confronted with a word correctly spelled, or a map correctly drawn, to enable him to compare his own work with better work; but in fact, unfortunately, teachers rarely do organize their classrooms or take the time to let the child correct himself. Mathematics is the most natural subject in which to achieve "objectivity," because written answers can be tried out in the written problem, and because concrete materials are con-

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venient. It is worth noting, however, that neither the abacus nor the Montessori beads are wholly satisfactory for the inductive teaching of mathematics, because the beads once handled become part of memory just as quickly as words once spoken —it is usually necessary to start again, without evidence of the prior error, if a mistake is made.

Finally, if self-correcting materials are to be well used in a classroom, it is essential that they be:

(4) thoroughly comprehensible to the teacher herself. For all Montessori's optimism, and the occasional euphoric statements by the modern reformers of math and science instruction, there are no "teacher-proof materials." However self-checking the puzzle may be, the teacher must know when to present it or to withhold it, how to verify what (if anything) has been learned from it—and, if possible, how to improve it to eliminate error-generating elements. In any event, the teacher is so important a personage in the child's life, even if she is merely a "directress," that she cannot avoid influencing what he perceives. Apart from certain bits of physical business, materials are usually self-correcting only when a teacher makes them so.

ANOTHER ASPECT of the Montessori materials, regarded as desirable for quite different theoretical reasons, is their attempt to involve muscles and tactile senses in fundamental learning operations. As Jerome Bruner has pointed out, there are a number of activities (Bruner's example is the tying of sailor's knots) which cannot be very well described in words or plainly presented in drawings—one gets the notion by watching someone do the job, and acquires an "understanding" through the process of duplicating what has been observed. The Montessori frames for buttoning clothes and tying shoelaces are lovely examples of this sort of thing, and their failure to become standard equipment in nursery schools and kindergartens is totally inexplicable. Think how much more nervous energy kindergarten and nursery teachers would have for important jobs if children could be got into their clothes at the end of the day by some technique less exhausting than force of will.

The most striking and famous example of Montessori's use of touch and muscle to approach abstraction comes, of course, in her prescriptions for the teaching of reading and writing. In the Montessori system, children learn the alphabet through the use of "sand letters"—sandpaper insets on smooth boards—over which they run their questing fingers. By the process of tracing the sand letters, the child acquires the basic movements which will enable him to write the letters when a pencil is placed in his hand. Here again, Montessori stresses the control of error, by the fact that the child's finger runs off the sandpaper onto the smooth wood; but now she insists, too, on the importance of "the *muscular memory* . . ." "Indeed," she adds, the child "sometimes recognizes the letters by touching them, when he cannot do so by looking at them."

Having learned the alphabet in this manner, the child is ready to move on to the construction of words, which is done in a straightforward manner through the use of alphabet cards. The child takes the cards from a storage box modeled on a printer's type-case, and spells out words which are dictated to him. Here, too, Montessori claims (though less convincingly) a self-checking feature: the child "will have the *proof* of the exact solution of his problem when he *rereads* the word." This process is easier in Italian than in English, though the gap in difficulty can be exaggerated—the difference between the sounds of the initial "e" in *fede* (faith) and *fedele* (faithful) is about as great as such differences are in English, and the fact that there is a logical adult explanation for it does not much help the child learning to read; moreover, there is no very logical reason for spelling differences like that between *obbligare* (to oblige) and *obliare* (to forget). Assuming this hurdle already topped, however, the next step is, as Montessori says, pure natural magic—the child, having learned to trace and write the letters, and then having put words together with pre-printed letter-cards, suddenly discovers he can write, all by himself. And despite the incredible blatherskite that passed for "science" among American reading experts during the last generation, Montessori was unquestionably correct in her statement that children as young as age four very much *want* to read and write, if they get the notion that they *can* read and write.

The didactic materials she describes in *The Montessori Method,* and at greater length in *Elementary Material* (which is volume two of *Advanced Montessori Method*), lie at the center of the *Dottoressa*'s thought about education. And many of the materials are touched by genius. It is a great mistake, however, and one which too many Montessorians have made, to assume that *only* the materials developed by Montessori herself can be useful for her purposes, or that invention ceased when the old lady ran out of teaching ideas and shifted her attentions to Mankind at large. Toys like the Playskool postbox, with their requirement that the child find a two-dimensional figure (a hole in the box) matching in outline the shape of a three-dimensional figure (a block in his hand), point the way to games more interesting than Montessori's wafer-thin geometric shapes. The tying-shoe, which asks the child to lace a shape similar to the nuisance on his foot, is better than Montessori's tying frame. And it is possible that Omar Moore's electric typewriter, set in a "responsive environment" (the words used by Montessori herself), represents a true technological advance over Montessori's sand letters, though admittedly it does not yield the same advantages in terms of "muscular memory." In any event, one can certainly imagine a Montessori classroom with booths

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at one end containing an electric typewriter and a computer programmed to calculate what response should be made to the child's explorations on it.

In mathematics, the Montessori materials have been clearly superseded. Centimeter rods (popularly, "Cuisenaire" rods, which is the brand name and pays tribute to the Belgian teacher who first systematized their use) are far more valuable mathematically than Montessori's rods. In the Montessori materials, the unit of length is greater than the unit of the cross-section of the rod, which means that only addition and subtraction problems can be managed—and not all of those. The centimeter rods, however, with a cube for the "1," offer opportunities to handle all the four rules of arithmetic (multiplication becomes the calculation of area, which is a useful notion later). Even if we decide not to teach more math in kindergarten, it is foolish to switch the child from one set of materials to another when he can start with the more valid. Montessori was by no means a mathematical illiterate (few others interested in elementary education before the year 1955 could have made her comment to the effect that a knowledge of the differential calculus is essential to an understanding of Newtonian astronomy), but we have advanced great distances in recent years in the teaching of mathematics. Montessori's willingness to teach "0" as "nothing" is totally unacceptable today, when the number line is available as didactic material for teaching the notion that "0" is also the balance point between positive and negative numbers or vectors—and when "arrays of number lines" will be used with seven-year-old (and perhaps even six-year-old) children to start them on work with Cartesian coordinates. There is good reason to suspect that very young children's mathematical sense is *much* more susceptible of development than Montessori or modern educators ever realized, and that appropriate mathematical games of a wholly Montessorian nature could further enliven the educational aspect of the kindergarten.

FINALLY, Montessori's views of art and music are pretty hopelessly those of the 19th century. She had both genius and spunk in deciding that musical instruments would have to be invented for her schools, but she was obviously too sure in her separation of musical sounds from "disordered and ugly noises." (In this connection, too, it might be observed that Martin Deutsch, working in New York nursery schools and kindergartens, has come to the conclusion that *for slum children today* the necessary aural-discrimination training lies in picking signals from a noisy background, not lowering the threshold of perception through systematic silence. Probably both are desirable. The point is that a Montessori school ought not to be stuck with its founder's outdated aesthetics and communication theories, but should expand its procedures with the growth of knowledge.) In art, too, Montessori was in our terms backward, demanding as her definition of beauty the literal portrayal of "reality." Though the Fauves were tearing Paris apart as she wrote, she insisted that the child who painted the tree-trunk red was demonstrating that he was not yet ready to advance in his abstract education. We have not progressed much in education since Montessori—but if her guidance is to be significant in the years to come, those who accept it must also be willing to reject those details which have lost their usefulness with the passage of fifty years.

Montessori's techniques were used first in mental institutions, then in the slums. Though her approach has values for the education of children from all backgrounds, many of the specific materials were designed to help children whose experience was desperately impoverished. In the years since, Montessori's inventions have had little impact on the schools, but they have been highly influential with the better toy manufacturers. There is something amusing about sophisticated parents, who have stocked their homes with Montessorian toys, spending up to fourteen hundred dollars a year to secure for their four-year-olds the values of exposure to Montessori's didactic materials in a schoolroom atmosphere. But it is not at all amusing to find that neither day-care centers nor kindergartens in the slums make use of the *only* systematic collection of educational devices designed for the sort of crippled children who are within their doors.

People who wish to plan Montessori schools for slum areas, however, should probably keep in mind that there were sociological as well as instructional innovations at the original *Case dei Bambini,* and that the Montessori approach might not work anywhere near so well in a "standard" school. The fact that Montessori's school was physically part of the model tenement where the children lived may have been quite important; the fact that the directress herself lived in the tenement was unquestionably quite important. There was, moreover, a certain toughness about Montessori's rules that will be difficult to recapture in the modern climate of opinion, which holds that a working-class child with dirty hands is insulted, alienated, and miserable whenever anyone tells him to wash up. Montessori's *Case* accepted only children whose parents were prepared to acknowledge "two obligations: namely, the physical and moral care of their own children. . . The parents must learn to *deserve* the benefit of having within the house the great advantage of a school for their little ones. . . The mother must go at least once a week, to confer with the directress, giving an account of her child, and accepting any helpful advice which the directress may be able to give." Children who showed up in a soiled shirt could be sent away, and all dialects (in which Italian is as rich as English) were to be stamped out.

Whether the directors of new Montessori schools wish to go this far or not, they would probably be

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wise to take two basic principles from the Roman experience: that the school and its personnel must be very intimately a part of the community, which accepts some direct responsibility for it; and that attendance must be a privilege earned by both parents and child, not a right. Many promising programs in the slums have been first handicapped and then gutted by an administrator's sentimental insistence that *everyone* must be part of them. At present, the schools succeed, more or less, with about 20 per cent of the children in the slums; and it will take a near-miracle to raise this proportion to 50 per cent within a generation. In all fairness to the children, we should measure our efforts by their contribution to this near-miracle, not by standards of utopian justice. People who wish to build the New Jerusalem are always welcome, but they should practice their hobby on their own time, not at the expense of children who might be helped by intelligent efforts to increase the probability of escape through education. In the slums, as anyone knows who has ever watched an unintelligent social worker, the line between all-encompassing charity and criminal irresponsibility can be very thin indeed.

There is also a danger in putting too many of our eggs in the basket of pre-school experience. Starting with D. O. Hebb a decade ago, and reaching complete statement with Jerome Bruner and Martin Deutsch in the last few years, psychologists have developed a new theory suspiciously like the old business of "mental exercise," holding that children who are insufficiently stimulated at a very early age lose all chance to acquire certain significant abilities. The men responsible for this theory are the best we have, and they should not be frivolously criticized. But because the theory has a physiological provenance (in Hebb's terms, the completion of "phase assemblies" in the brain), a relatively small number of cases which deny it must leave it in the limbo of the unproved. The wretched orphanages of half a century ago, which gave children even less stimulation than a slum home, produced a better proportion of educated adults than Harlem (or modern foster homes) can boast today. There are no illiterates in Denmark, though most children at a low economic level (and there are "disadvantaged children" in Denmark, too) never see the inside of a school before they are seven years old—while in France, where most poor children start school at age three, one still finds catastrophic failures sitting over-age at the back of the elementary class. The argument for greatly enriched pre-school experience is certainly strong enough without an insistence on eternal damnation for those not lucky enough to enjoy it.

Nobody who has looked seriously at these problems doubts that first-rate nursery schools could help, and the Montessori model is the best we have. Nursery schools, however, may not be sufficient in themselves, and conceivably they may not be necessary. In the fashionable lingo of our day, the children we are trying to help are "multi-problem" children, and it would be wise to develop multiple approaches to them. But whatever we do, much of it must be informed by the Montessori spirit, and some of it must employ the Montessori method.

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DEIRDRE LEVINSON

BORIS—A Story

BEFORE YOU land at the Johannesburg airport, you write out a brief confession on the questionnaire provided, making, besides a simple admission of guilt incident to their sumptuary laws, a clean breast of your origins. "Race," the questionnaire demands, and with sinister implication in brackets, "State whether European, Hebrew, Asiatic, et cetera." "European, Hebrew, Asiatic, et cetera," I wrote with scrupulous accuracy. I have been through all the youthful stages of writing "Human," "Undecided," "Two-hundred-and-twenty yards flat," and "Also ran." For a long time now I have stopped answering at all. As soon as the wheels stop, two officers leap in to spray you with disinfectant before you get off. What they'd like to do is knock a nail in your throat and another in the diaphragm to stop whatever it is you've got from spreading, and with a kick in the backside to get your eyes unscrewed, start you moving into their nowhere.

I am looking for someone I might know, and until I see him I am not moving one inch, because I know where you want to get me, and I am not going in alone.

Some people eat the bread of experience, and some eat the biscuit. Every time you go to a cinema in South Africa they throw in a short which is straight propaganda for their side. It shows a young couple in a silk bedroom with a carpet instead of a floor, and she in whorls of nylon says, "Darling, how can you be so cheerful?"

"What's wrong, darling?" he says.

"I feel so ghastly," she replies. "It must have been all that rich food we ate last night. It doesn't seem to have affected you."

"Ah," says he, "but I took my Eno's." After which he brings a bubbling glass, and they exchange a smile of complicity.

Some people strip down to the bare forked animal, and some to the nylon and Eno's. I am looking for a bare forked animal carrying a briefcase for dignity's sake, who is the stranger within your gates, and the only familiar sight in all Africa.

I returned to my fourth year in South Africa, my mind filled with a ton of sour junket. I got back to the university to find it plastered with student posters exhorting us all to march the following week in public protest. The second reading of the Bill sealing the white universities for good and all from the black hordes was shortly going through the House of Assembly. There were slogans chalked on every door in every department, saying "Open Universities," "Academic Freedom," and "Democratic Education," and an anomalous one on the lavatory door from an unidentifiable minority group boarding the Liberal bandwagon saying "Bread Not Stones." None of which stirred my junket. Only two of the white universities will tolerate the presence of a black except as a menial, and even their openness doesn't amount to more than a crack under the door. School for non-whites is neither free nor compulsory, and school education for Africans has been by law so degraded that it is only a barely perceptible trickle that reaches a university. Voteless and impoverished parents don't make a habit of sending their children to institutions of higher learning anyway. The whole Liberal crusade for preserving the little democratic education we've got in this land of sunshine and segregation is feed for the privileged chickens, and the something-is-better-than-nothing persuasion they peddle, in their own good old interests naturally, belongs to a welfare-state working-class, not the looped and windowed blacks, who are now drawing a minimal line at full democratic rights, no less. If you throw in your mortarboard with the latter, you don't waste your shoe-leather marching in the cause of higher education for those who can afford it.

I sped across to the mausoleum which is named after an Englishman who speculated for the Empire in the Transvaal and started shuffling students into syllabuses until the principal came to address the freshmen. "The tree," he said, "is known by its fruits. It is now your privilege to be the bearers of the torch of truth and knowledge which is the symbol of this the mother university of South Africa, and to embody, as I have the utmost faith that you will, those ideals of truth and justice which we seek to communicate to you. Henceforth, wherever you go, you will be regarded as the representatives of this university. In a sense, as we give our good name, we give ourselves into

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DEIRDRE LEVINSON is a young writer who lives in England. The present story has been excerpted from an as-yet-unpublished novel. Miss Levinson's first published story, "In Acknowledgment of a Chief Rabbi," appeared in our April 1963 issue.

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your charge. Do it honor as those before you have done. We are faced this year with a crisis in our history, Universities Apartheid. I ask you to conduct yourselves responsibly and decorously whatever stand you may take, mindful of the reputation of the university. Now Universities Apartheid is indeed a calamity, and this university will fight, as it has always fought, for academic freedom and the right to admit within our ranks those whom we choose as our best inheritors. But we must bear in mind that we are an academic not a political body. Our first business here is the pursuit of knowledge. You are the future, not the present leaders of South Africa. Our government is doing an uphill job in the best interests of the country as they sincerely see it. Those of you who find yourselves in disagreement with its policy in regard to the universities, as many of us here do, I would ask you while deploring the bad to consider carefully the good."

I worked my way down the steps between Tancred, head of the department, and Berman, senior lecturer, a sweet, timid man, intermittently Jewish, whose security is in literature.

"I'm tired," he said, "I've been reading Dostoevski all the vacation."

I said, "Fathers and teachers, I ponder. What is hell?"

"Hell is other people," said Tancred. He has a burst paper bag of a body, and a face like the picture of a weeping lemon in the London underground advertising lemon-squash. He perpetually wears shorts displaying his ancient knees horribly calloused by persistent Anglican genuflections. He lives with his wife in a thatched residence called "The Willows." They embrace publicly at the gate at his coming hence and going thither, morning and noon, all weathers, and indulge in shameful dialogue in their drawing-room, such as:

Mrs. Tancred: O darling, there's a moth!
Tancred: A *moth,* darling? In "The Willows"?

Or worse:

Mrs. Tancred: Would you like tea, darling?
Tancred: Darling, would it be too much trouble if I asked for chocolate?
Mrs. Tancred: Of course not, darling. Too much trouble! You've got the Chair, dammit.

I said, "I maintain it is the suffering of being unable to love." Tancred thought fast. "Love," he pretended to ruminate. "Do you mean love X or just love?"

Stick to your Eno's, Lancelot.

"Exposed," Berman and I shrieked gleefully when we were shot of him. Berman said it was such interludes that made life worth living. Between biscuits.

I WAITED in the corridor for Boris, who came lumbering out of African Studies as soon as he heard my cough. We greeted in Xhosa, clicking away like a couple of horse-drawn cabbies, I to hide my relief, he to show his. Then he edged me round the corner and rubbed his black moon-face against mine, which is illegal. For two years now I have listened in the university for his ponderous feet slapping the concrete; I have waited in the house for his wheeze and rumble over the telephone; and watched like a plainclothes speed-cop for that car swaying incautiously down the road dead-center. Though his shoulders are studiedly care-worn and though he walks as if it is always raining, and the tears pour alarmingly down his cheeks when he laughs, he is built for tranquillity and everything in moderation. Once he made a journey to Swaziland intent on research on the spring festival when warrior Swazis run in relays sea-ward to fetch the water back inland. "Unfortunately," he said, "I arrived just a fortnight too late." Just a fortnight, that's Boris. He wears his clothes in such a way that they do nothing to detract from the deep and vital strength of his chest and belly. On his head he carries a neat short mat of hair like burnt stubble, and on his face, like all African intellectuals who, once it is there, as any location dick will tell you, can by no means disguise it, he wears his education. You could sight a mile off, if you are black or have a trained eye, that Boris, even in the uniform rags of a migrant laborer (which God forbid) is, in the definition of the locations* and lately social anthropology, Excuse-me class.† What it is they can't conceal, the black intelligentsia, is authority in their countenances. Boris's countenance is also, which is not the exclusive preserve of the intelligentsia, one of sorrow.

"Have you had great griefs, Boris?"

"Of course." He always says "of course" to questions touching on his humanity.

"What great griefs?"

A childhood of poverty and privation; ten years of his youth withered in the philistine backwaters of the Free State; ingratitude, abuse, and incessant criticism from his comrades in the Organization; fifteen years lecturing at the university and still no promotion. Nor hope of it.

"Losses." And maintains on purpose, even while he warms the air around him, his compact detachment, while I bleed with love and envy.

I've had losses too, and if it hadn't been for you and your kind I might have been at home now, got away before South Africa ate to the bone. Now I can't live without it, my bread and the worm in it. After the revolution I'll be home like a shot, hell for leather to Europe, France, and England, London and Oxford. Hit Oxford in autumn ankle-deep in leaves, mist and apples in the air, and the ripe stone turned to honey and russet. Only I won't want to go then. I no longer want to go now.

*The urban area demarcated by law for the habitation of Africans only—ED.

†The term commonly applied by the Africans of South Africa to the African bourgeoisie—ED.

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Novelist, poet, and grammarian, Doctor Boris Crosby Duma, urbane and protected, Doctor of Philosophy, university lecturer, householder. He dines with his family at seven every evening seated at the head of the table, and he banks at the Standard Bank of South Africa. There remains, however, a peasant in his hands and a clodhopper in his big flat feet.

"What do you fear most, Boris?"

"I fear most that I might not live to see the great change. I mean not simply the change in South Africa, but the whole world."

He is famed widely among the peasants north and south of the Kei river. He is recognized with honor as a leader in the struggle. He can give voice there with authority and eloquence because he knows their needs by heart, and in his revolutionary capacity he strives to answer them undividedly; because he won't make use of his education to escape to England or America; because he does not exhort them to spend their energies in futile and desperate acts of terrorism, and because for all his learning he has not forgotten his origins.

BUT HIS capacities are diverse, and mindfulness of his origins is, as well as a compulsory duty, useful. A fair Colored man playing white can enjoy uneasily a privileged existence never for a moment free from the sharp-eyed brown narks at the corner. The African intellectual has a far more brilliant world open to him than the disguised Colored can hope for. For it is not the competitive, and in many areas hard-up like any other, white South African world he enters; it is a rich, kind, and welcoming Liberal white world. Middle-class men, perceptive, cultured, and terrified, seeing in him a black man who doesn't embarrass them, whose way of life is in all its parts civilized, and whose signal merits justify their persistent attempts to establish harmonious race relations and relieve the suffering of the non-whites, press his hand. Their wives in the Black Sash entreat him to address their ranks. Duma's two thousand a year may imperil his commitment to twelve million defenseless clodhoppers, but it has also brought him among his equals. He is at ease there, educated and charming, his blackness a happy accident, his tribal background remote and interesting, his suffering admirable. Like greets like. Respectability shakes hands with respectability. Middle-class embraces middle-class.

What do you fear most, Doctor Duma? What do you fear most, free-holder, checkbook-holder?

That I'll lose my job, colleague. That they'll shift me to a location, privileged one. That they'll pack me back to the reserves, Englishwoman. That they'll wrest from me the exemptions I've won. That I'll be penniless again, without prestige, without dignity, nobody, nothing, just another native.

"Are you marching next week?" I asked in his car on the way home, knowing it was unthinkable, but resorting for small talk to a feeble pleasantry.

"Shouldn't I?" he said, eyeing me to the left as the car lurched sickeningly to the right. "Doesn't it concern me?"

"As the crumb does the vulture," I said. "They're taking our number."

"Take theirs," said Boris. "Can't you ever use a crumb to good purpose?"

I rose obediently to the bait. "It's a filthy crumb, and you know too well you can't." Then I looked at his face, and an old suppressed uneasiness stirred. "You're not serious?"

He said, teaching his pupil to think, and methodically, "Let me put it like this. What group will constitute the leadership of the revolution?"

O, Organization catechism. "The intelligentsia."

"And from where will they get the education they must have to be an intelligentsia?"

I don't know. "From wherever they can get it without treachery, without political collaboration, that is." But I know this. "No one who involves himself in a political demand for the benefits of less than enough is going to participate in the revolution. You betray, you destroy your ultimate purpose in the process."

"So we're to have a semi-literate leadership?" said Boris.

"Even Bantu education provides literacy. You don't get educated for revolution in a university."

"That's not the point." We swung wide around the corner, and my forehead met the windshield. "All right?" asked Boris. "Of course you don't. But without formal training in logical thought your political theory has no secure foundation. You must have the basis of a trained mind to build on."

"I don't recall," I said truthfully, "getting any formal training in logical thought at Oxford."

"So you say. If you hadn't been to Oxford, you wouldn't be in the Organization."

"It's because I'm a Jew that I'm in the Organization."

"An Oxford Jew," said Boris.

* * *

"YOU'LL BE at the Staff Association meeting, of course," said Miss Chichele, swilling out the teapot, tossing the water smartly over the balcony, and flashing me a conspiratorial smile all in a twinkling. She likes to think we're in the same righteous camp on the side of the big black brotherhood. I know Chichele's sort though. I lived in her house for a year while she was on long leave, and when she got back the peeping Thomas next door couldn't wait to tell her I'd had blacks using the bath. She'd spent hours heightening her visual acuity through the hedge and net curtains. Chichele made Edna scrub out the bath twice with dettol. Edna told me.

"She said you had natives getting bathed in the bath," Edna said, outraged because she is attached to me. "I said you wouldn't ever do such a thing."

Edna chars for select madams such as myself

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and Chichele. She has two illegitimate children, one white, one brown. They go to separate schools.

"Cut that out," I said, "of course they used the bath."

"I wouldn't go out with a native," said Edna. She's a light-brown Colored herself. "I'd be frightened," she said. "They're going to get rid of the white man."

We've had this conversation numerous times before. It always goes the same way.

"Who says so?" I said. "Who says that? The whites."

"I like white men," said Edna.

"What's a white man got that a black hasn't?" I said.

"I'm scared of natives," said Edna. "They'd do anything."

"Such as what?" I said.

"They want to get rid of the whites," she said. "They'd do anything."

I said, "It's the whites who are going to do the killing."

"Yes," she said, "true. They'll do the killing."

"You're a non-white too, Edna," I said. "They might mop you up by mistake."

"Yes," she said, "some of them would do anything; and there's plenty of them no more white than I am."

"Plenty of blacks no blacker than you are either," I said.

"Yes," said Edna, "we're all made alike. No difference."

"The big difference," I said, extracting a single bill for her wages from my wad, "is that some people have money and some haven't."

Chichele has cooled toward me a bit since the bath incident, but she still thinks my heart's in the right place. "What the government's doing in the case of Universities Apartheid," she said, "is sheer spite. There are so few non-whites here anyway."

Hendrickse came in. He is a stocky Colored man who is junior lecturer to the department because he got firsts all the way through and we couldn't get anyone else.

"Are you going to the Staff Association this afternoon, Teddy?" I asked.

"O yes," he said, "certainly." Teddy would love to be a white man: he needs to be; but he's too black to pass as white, so he just acts white the whole time, and persistently avoids possible areas of conflict. I'm one of those areas. I frequently remind him of his origins; I make him nervous and compel him to lie. I knew he wouldn't go. It was black students, not lecturers, the bill affected. He wouldn't have gone even if it had affected him. He wouldn't have needed to: the white intelligentsia fights faithfully for the privileges of the privileged blacks.

The rest of us went though. We all piled in, breast-beaters, wise men of affairs, Black Sashers, Reds, spies, the lot. Boris lumbered in. He saw me, but pretended not to, so he wouldn't have to sit next to me and be embarrassed if I made a speech. He went to sit with Selkovitch who is a named man, a member of the outlawed Communist party, but a professor for all that, of powerful personality and widely popular. Boris admires Selkovitch and attaches justifiable value to their relationship. He loves to be a public man among men, and Selkovitch is the only big shot in the university who openly offers Boris this scope.

THE CHAIRMAN introduced the burning topic. He said the closing of this university to non-white students wasn't a political matter. We needn't be afraid we were involving ourselves in politics. Politics anyway wasn't our business. It was a matter of interference in university policy. It was simply a matter of protesting against interference in the business of what was traditionally held to be an independent institution.

Selkovitch spoke first. Straight Selkovitch. "We'd better get this clear from the start, Mr. Chairman. This *is* a political matter. It's a question of the right of qualified citizens to higher education. A bill to deprive certain citizens, on grounds of color, is to be debated tomorrow in the House of Assembly. Most of us here will protest in public tomorrow. Let's not be frightened of a word, Mr. Chairman. We mustn't deceive ourselves about the nature of our protest. We are being deprived of an individual democratic right. It amounts to this: certain citizens may no longer choose which university to send their children to; and we, the university, may no longer select our students on the basis of merit alone. This happened not so long ago in another country. If we don't want to repeat the mistake of the German universities we've got to be on the alert. If we want to maintain our honor we've got to oppose the government on their own ground. Mr. Chairman, that's political ground."

Everyone clapped. We like his direct, honest, ruthless punches, even if we don't hold his views. He stands for hard-headed individual rebellion warmed by a familiar morality. We think of him as a full man, cool in the head, warm in the heart. His bonhomie is all-embracing, never mind what side you're on.

Webb got up, Cambridge man, moralist, and professor. The professors always speak first. "A protest march isn't enough, Mr. Chairman. We must make a public protest, obviously, and as impressively as possible. But we can't stop there. What if the bill goes through? We must start now making provision for that eventuality. I propose first on the list of suggestions, Mr. Secretary, that if Universities Apartheid becomes law, we close this university, if not indefinitely, then for a period of, say, two years." Webb is new to South Africa, and still full of youthful Liberal fire.

Nutting is a mature Liberal. He spoke next. "In principle," he said, "I agree with Professor Webb, and I fully endorse what Professor Selkovitch has

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said. But we, the mother university of South Africa, stand for something more than isolated protests. However much we may feel impelled to take drastic measures, and with those who do I most deeply sympathize, we must beware, I think, of any desperate action that might end in nothing more than handing over the power we have to the government. This university must go on, if for nothing else, because we must go on fighting. I propose then, Mr. Secretary, that we tabulate suggestions for a permanent protest. I myself tentatively suggest an annual demonstration to commemorate our loss of academic freedom and to keep the memory actively alive until such time as our rights are reinstated."

Relieved applause. What, in heaven's name, does Webb think we're going to live on those two righteous years?

Professor Vaughan is a long, gaunt, beautiful, sad woman with her soul in her face, and the most reputable intellect in the university. I suspect her of real courage, but whenever I feel seriously threatened by her committedness, I remember that she's an heiress. "I too endorse what Professor Selkovitch has said. This is a political matter and a very serious one. We are indeed in grave danger of finding ourselves in the same position as the German universities in the fascist regime. We dare not isolate ourselves. I want to propose a wider basis to work on than the immediate problem presents. I would put this to the Association, that under the aegis of this university, a general conference be called representing all people of good will, of all groups and all colors, to work out a program for the future of this country, not solely the future of the universities, on a multi-racial basis and a basis of fairness to all."

Fairness. An English public-school conference to establish national fairness. Apartheid isn't fair. Votelessness isn't fair. The Pass Laws aren't fair. The Group Areas Act isn't fair. We've got to be fair to the whites, though, too. The privileged are people too, you know. If you substitute a basis of political, economic, and social equality for a basis of fairness, that wouldn't be fair to *us*, would it? We've got to live too, you know. Our standards are different. We can't live like a raw native in a *kraal* on a sack of mealie-meal a month. They're two thousands years behind us. They're not ready yet. They've got to be educated first. You can't do it all at once. It's evolution, not revolution we need here. It takes time.

"I wonder," said the vice-principal, "if we couldn't as a permanent memorial introduce a black motif into our coat-of-arms?"

"And perhaps a black border round our notepaper?" said Miss Chichele.

All suggestions tabulated for mature consideration.

Then Boris reared his ancient head. Everyone smiled expectantly. "I want to examine this business of Universities Apartheid radically," he rumbled. "It all started a long time ago, much longer than this Association seems to be aware of. It began legally with the Bantu Education Act and is inseparable from it. If we are to oppose the government on grounds of academic freedom, we must first ascertain what academic freedom means. We talk about maintaining our right to select entrants to the university on the basis of merit alone, but three-quarters of the children of this country have no opportunity to reveal their merit. Nor should our protest be based on a desire to return to the state of the good old days before the National party came to power. The Bantu Education Act was the first *legislative* step to degrade non-white education, but schooling for non-whites has always been inferior. We cannot, Mr. Chairman, use a slogan like 'University entrance on the basis of merit alone' in a country where free and compulsory education for all children is not a law of the land."

So far and no further. Democratic education, but not a democratic country. You can't push them too far. They're intelligent people. They'll be compelled to arrive at the conclusion ultimately that you must have a democratic state before you can entertain any idea of democratic education. Ultimately. Provided it's in their ultimate vested interests.

Finally we held over Professor Vaughan's proposal and elected an Academic Freedom Committee to protect our traditional independence from the government which one way or another, by omission or commission, we had brought into power.

"WHAT DID you think of my speech?" said Boris carefully afterward.

I said, "At this rate you'll get a Chair." I said, "You thousand-tongued chimera! On an Organization platform only the other day you were preaching the indivisibility of democratic rights."

"If they make an all-out stand for democratic education, do you think that can remain an isolated issue?" he said.

"Make an all-out stand," I said, "an all-out stand to swamp the market with skilled labor, and town and country with dangerous ideas. Are you crazy? They'll be demanding what the whites have. All of it. And organizing themselves competently to get it."

"Exactly," said Boris. "What do you think I'm getting at? Why do we always assume that the Liberals can use us but we can't use the Liberals? Let them isolate a demand and try to fulfill it. We can use their work. Education is the first necessity for revolution."

"You're ratting," I said, and the fear rose. "They isolate a demand precisely in order to devitalize the whole gamut of our demands. They can maintain their security only at our expense. When haven't they done that? We have to do our work ourselves. They'll never do something for

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nothing. They *are* stronger than us; they're much more capable of using us. They've got massive power on their side, they've got all the money, all the education, all the leadership, and an old diplomatic imperial metropolitan country behind them, and a long long tradition of deflecting revolution. You want to be with them, so you pretend to yourself you can use them."

He made a disgusted face. "I can understand others in the Organization talking like that," he said, "they've had little education. They've had to learn their politics by heart. I expected more vision and independence from you."

"I learned some of what I know from them," I said, "but more from you. You've been my teacher."

"The lesson has been distorted," he said. "Well, goodbye."

The next day he marched, in procession with the Liberals, in cap and gown. He lent his presence for all to see to a token gesture, saying with them: let segregation do its worst outside, but don't let the few of us inside suffer. I must accept my inferiority as a black man, but don't let it touch me as a professional.

THERE was uproar in the Organization. I went to see French that evening, deviously weaving my way, to avoid attention, through the network of tumbled streets thick with babies and small boys with no pants on, young hopeful brown madonnas in tight skirts, and their brutal broken parents, to the little careless cultured house he shares with Dija. The two of them were presiding on the sofa.

I have been a tacitly unacknowledged fellow-traveler in the African People's Federal Organization now for two years. Its *name* is legion: it is many; but it must be, according to official membership, the smallest political organization in South Africa. It is said by contemptuous critics to hold its meetings in a telephone booth. But its program is the only one in South Africa that fully answers the present needs of its people, and its methods are watertight: selective boycott and non-collaboration. This means never participating in any political action or associating with any political group which makes a bid for less than the whole program of rights, or identifying itself with any action which cannot be diverted to its own ends. For this reason it is the most difficult organization for a white to penetrate, or for any intellectual—such being, in French's definition, a person with, like any other, an eye for the main chance, but who, being educated, knows how to get it—to remain indefinitely inside. It is a hard, hard little organization, but it is the only one.

French is its founder and leader, though he holds no office. For many years now he has been banned from addressing any public gathering, which means any gathering anywhere of more than ten people, and forbidden to move beyond the suburbs of the city.

He is a fully-arrived man in his mid-fifties, five feet four inches high; square and agile. No man has ever worn his leadership with less pomposity or more warmth and grace, but his authority among us is traditional and never questioned. His head is perfectly round, face bespectacled, very black, forehead immensely broad, eyes sharp, cunning, full of smiles. Intellectually and culturally he is totally European. He has no regard whatever for tribal heritage and despises any black intellectual who has. He is devoid of sentimentality, utterly detached from his childhood roots, and intent on permeating his people with the same way of thought. He wants Africans to be a modern people, fully equipped with what the modern world calls human rights; but beyond that, French is prophet and seer of the permanent human revolution.

"So Boris marched," said French.

"Did you know he was going to march? Did he tell you?" Dija demanded. She is a seasoned old warrior of about sixty, an ugly yellow woman born into a huge and illustrious Indian family, remarkable for its culture, wealth, and alcoholism, the last two of which have passed her by. She is always concealed behind a newspaper when I walk in, and as a rule she won't emerge for half an hour, but this time the newspaper had descended at once.

"When did you see him last?" she asked.

"Yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"There was a meeting of the Staff Association on Universities Apartheid," I said.

For behold, not the brotherhood, but its hope. Which must acknowledge me, must give the outward and visible sign of my inward and invisible conviction, to justify my presence in South Africa, my being alive at all, my accidental survival, my intact skull. But they won't take me for nothing. Today the price is Boris, who has betrayed our principle of non-collaboration. So I produced my evidence.

"Have you read that book of his?" Dija continued.

About twenty-five years ago, Boris published a novel in the vernacular called *The Generations.* It has a rich archaic flavor even in translation, ballad-like, ominous, *unsafe.* It concerns a young educated tribal chief fresh from the university, abounding in advanced ideas which he passionately endeavors to convey to his tribesmen. Since the young chieftain is (from the reader's point of view, not the writer's), an insensitive half-wit, and the tribesmen cunning old mature politicians, the young fellow's life ends in howling catastrophe. What Boris set out to present was the problem of how to introduce modern civilization among a people armed with a barrage of tribal customs to which they are at least as deeply attached as the young graduate is to his modern education. As it turns out, although the writer clearly sought

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to give the modern set equal weight with the tribesmen, only the tribesmen are presented with artistic power. I reviewed the novel at Boris's behest. "The artist," I wrote, "is betrayed by his art. Marlowe tries hard to indict Faustus, but he is obviously on Faustus's side. This writer is on the side of the tribesmen."

"An artist doesn't take sides," Boris said. The novel is one of very few in Xhosa: it has been a set work for years in the African Studies department. Boris invites the students to write long critical essays on its artistic virtues. One of them wrote a minor dissertation on it, likening the writer to Shakespeare. Boris thought he'd got his due for once.

I told Dija I had read the book and thought it remarkable.

"It's written by a man on the side of backwardness," said French. "As for its artistic merit, he's simply copied Hardy's technique. Who reads it now anyway?"

Boys I know from the country have told me their parents read it to them when they were children. "It's read widely by literate peasants," I said.

"Nonsense," said French, "Boris told you that."

"No, various boys from the country know it well," I said.

"Their parents might know it," French chuckled. "It doesn't speak to their children."

"It's still a set book for African Studies," I said.

"No!" French roared delightedly. "So Boris still makes sales. He's good, good." He guffawed with real pleasure.

THE FRONT door rattled, and there were heavy rapid footsteps down the passage.

Ndondo came in. He greeted us all ceremoniously in order of seniority. Ndondo looks like a black rubber doll. He has a hole in his heart and maintains that he might drop dead any minute. Excitement is bad for him, but he is frequently beside himself for all that; I never met a man with a greater capacity for righteous fury. Otherwise he assumes the role of a slow, simple, and earnest peasant, which he is not.

French inquired after his heart with paternal solicitude.

"My health," Ndondo replied in his toneless bark, "is not quite up-to-date." And panted. "There is trouble in Kwezi," he added ominously, "there are plenty of madmen there."

"Are you straight from Kwezi?" French asked.

"I had to run out," Ndondo said, slowly preparing us for the drama.

French knows you can't hurry Ndondo. "You had to run," he repeated.

"I ran," said Ndondo. "I had to run. What they would have done to me I don't know."

"Who?" asked Dija. "Congress?"

"PAC," said Ndondo. "I had to run, mind you."

PAC is a splinter organization, seceded from Congress on a desperate unmet demand for action. Demand for action on the part of the self-styled leaders of black South Africa is a handy lever for the Liberals, as long as there's no future in it. Large gestures, a few deaths, righteous indignation stirred, a safety-valve for suppressed black steam, huge campaigns on a sectional basis for an isolated demand which can never advance us, defeat with honor, holidays of the soul, showing the government what the blacks can do when roused. There was a Defiance Campaign in 1952 against Group Areas* which failed and was dropped; and today we all live in group areas. When the government prepared to extend the Pass Laws to include women, the Liberals organized a whole location in the north to burn their passes. Numbers of them, and several people over ninety, were jailed for months. They all carry passes now. There was a contrived strike in 1961 for two days as a non-white gesture against the declaration of the Republic. Whereupon many employers gave their men the two days holiday. These activists drop an occasional bomb in Johannesburg, and collect handfuls of Africans, no matter whom as long as they're black, to sit in white coffee-bars in Capetown, demanding the right of voteless penniless non-citizens to drink their coffee in white coffee-shops. As if they had, most of them, the wherewithal to pay for it. Ah, but the principle! In Liberal South Africa the blacks have principles for breakfast.

The front door shook and a measured tread followed.

"Roland," said French.

"There isn't enough tea," said Dija.

Roland appeared in the doorway, a handsome, vain, ambitious, intelligent Colored, full of shyness and egotism. "Good evening, French. Good evening everyone," he smiled nervously because he knows nobody likes him. I would, but he owes me too much money. This has inhibited our friendship. "Apparently there's trouble in Kwezi."

"Ndondo's here," said Dija coldly. She knows Roland loves to be first with the news.

"I had to run from there," said Ndondo.

"There was a meeting of PAC, you say," French encouraged him gently, but invisible sparks flew out of him.

"They would have killed me," said Ndondo. "This PAC leadership—better call them mad dogs—are making fools of the people. They're calling for a strike."

There was the front door again and the passage filled with footsteps.

"They're calling a general strike," said Freddy, who works in a dockyard and claims to be the only worker among all the intellectuals in the

*The Group Areas Act of 1950 restricts non-white habitation to certain proscribed areas, and provides for government control and acquisition of immovable non-white property and government occupation of non-white land and premises outside the proscribed areas—ED.

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Organization. "There was talk at work today."

"There'll be no general strike," said French, "there'll be no general strike because there's been no organization for it. The Liberals are behind this. They're out to exhaust an unprepared people. On what demand will the people come out?"

"Pass Laws," said Ndondo bitterly. "These *boys*," he spat out the word, "ignoramuses from the university, are calling the people out on the Pass Laws. They'll do it. They'll do it, French. That hall was full, it was bursting. I had not half opened my mouth to tell them they were being betrayed, and some ruffian sticks his fist in."

THE Pass Laws are a foolproof method of keeping a legal finger on every African in the Republic. He carries his pass around like his skin. If he can't produce it immediately on demand by the police it means jail pronto. He carries it to prove he's not in the wrong place and that he's paid his tax and is employed. An exempted native like Boris carries an exemption certificate. Naturally these Pass Laws are something of a fly in the African's ointment, because they mean he can't slip out of such defaults as being in town looking for work when he ought to be in the country starving, or giving a false address when encountering a uniformed Republican, or having left the pass at home, or having failed to pay poll-tax. Coloreds and Indians don't carry passes yet, though they are non-citizens on most other scores. Repeal of the Pass Laws is an Africans-only demand: it divides the non-whites and emphasizes the differences in the categories of oppression.

"Who addressed the meeting?" French asked Ndondo.

"Sebeko, Kunene, Dlamini, small boys, babies, ruffians. I said they were deceiving the people. I had to run for my life."

I know those three, campus idlers. They loll all day at Blackies' Corner, buttonholing tolerant white students. Sebeko claims to be provisional Minister of Culture in the PAC cabinet. He wears dark glasses and an insolent smile. He used to visit me occasionally in the days when I was a tolerant white and endured his patronage. "Africa for the Africans," he would say; and once, glancing idly out of the window at a white child, said, "That baby will be spitted on a bayonet before he's much older."

Slay the righteous with the wicked? Shall not the judge of all the earth do right? "There's no sin in being white," I argued, mildly, because in those days I wasn't sure.

"The only whites we will spare," said Sebeko, "are those who will be Africans."

"But what kind of Africans? What does being an African mean?"

"You must throw in your lot with us."

"Sticking bayonets into babies? All that means is being a barbarian."

"You are the barbarians," he said.

Then I discovered the Organization and stopped having to do with Sebeko.

Kunene is in quite a different category. He came to the university from a Transvaal location, a lost boy in smelly clothes, plainly displaying his inferiority in his shoulders and his anxious vacant soft face. He was a student of mine and, as is quite common among trainees under Bantu Education, seemed to be barely literate. Dlamini was once an Organization boy, but couldn't stand the inactivity. Congress appeared to be offering the excitement he wanted. When that wore out he went to PAC for further heroics.

The day after Ndondo brought us the news, the people of a hitherto unknown location in Johannesburg massed in front of the house of the location superintendent in, as planned, a peaceful protest. The police came and shot sixty-seven people, some in the back. The next day Kwezi came out.

Kwezi is the biggest location in our town. To the outsider it presents a uniform squalor or adequate shelter, according to what he has had his eye trained to look for; but to the location-dweller it presents a variety of areas each quite as individually characterized as the residential areas of any city to its inhabitants. The Excuse-me's live in Kwezi proper; the migrant laborers in the celibate barracks; respectable but unskilled settlers on the outer fringe; the detribalized city-born roughs in the far end. From there, teeming with jobs and layabouts, came the PAC brigade. But many many others came out too, for hope.

Daily deliveries at the door stopped abruptly. Local secondary industry paled. But the wealth of South Africa is in the mines of the Transvaal and the Free State, and these were totally unaffected. You can only get to work on a mine-laborer before he leaves the country: in town he is sealed off in a compound. When it was all over we all saw there had been no need for national anxiety. It was just personal trouble for shopkeepers and their suppliers. There was a rush to buy firearms though. Our town sold out.

The police only shot three people in Kwezi; but this was what the whips wanted. There was a monster funeral, and immediately after that, Kunene, wearing blue shorts to emphasize the contrast of his youthful body beside the master-mind, led a mile-long procession to town. The university closed for the duration, to avoid danger, they said. What danger nobody could formulate. They were all saying how miraculous it was that this boy Kunene could so effortlessly control the thousands of Africans. What they expected, heaven knows. It is illegal for an African to carry a firearm, and the police had raided exhaustively for dangerous weapons such as cutlery and broomsticks. This peaceful black procession wound its way to town, and some of the Organization boys and girls joined it, and quite a number of Liberal

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white youngsters, and all were brothers for a few hours in a high if unspecified cause. When they reached town Kunene assured the Chief of Police that his people would do no violence, and asked for an audience with the Minister of the Interior. Then they all marched back. Kunene didn't meet the Minister, but he spoke with the Secretary who said henceforth natives need not carry passes. After which Kunene was arrested and put inside for three months. From the House of Assembly an edict came that natives need not carry passes for the next fortnight, and that the pinprick of this large unwieldy object would be removed and substituted by a neat folder called a reference book. Some burned their passes and were threatened with arrest later, so that the black market in Kwezi did a roaring sale in forged passes.

Still they didn't go back to work. The army was called in and Kwezi was sealed off to all outsiders but the Red Cross with sacks of mealie-meal and love. Some of the Organization boys secretly ran food in too: they said they couldn't let the people starve. But they were starving for nothing. White supremacy wouldn't collapse because a few thousand blacks stayed off work. But by the third week secondary industry was growing restive. Monday morning at the crack, police were on the streets assaulting every black they thought might be on strike, which means every black.

Boris goes to the bank on Monday morning. He came out with his wallet stuffed and his everlasting cigarette in his mouth.

"Where do you work?" demanded the cop in Afrikaans, which is a language of the folk and a very homespun tongue indeed.

"I'm a university lecturer," said Boris stiffly in English.

"Take the cigarette out of your mouth when you speak to me," the cop shouted, and knocked it out of his mouth and slapped his face.

Boris got into his car, drove straight to the university, informed the head of his department that he wouldn't be back till he had full assurance that he wouldn't be assaulted on the way, and went home for a week's holiday. He gave the press the story, and the next day it was headline news in the Opposition papers with an embarrassing photograph. In fact, every African in the public streets had been knocked about that day, but Boris is in a different class.

He is official translator for Organization publications in English into the vernacular. Our statement on the subject had been written when the wave first broke over Kwezi. Boris sat on it for ten days, then refused to translate it. French smelled a rat long before Boris came clean, but he always has the patience to wait until the suspect gives himself away. He came up to the university in his terrible little car as soon as he got Boris's note of refusal. Boris and French were at school together. Boris fears and venerates French: French understands Boris and loves him for his complexity, education, ponderousness, and intelligence.

He said, "Where's that pamphlet, Boris?" regarding Boris's vulnerable face intently out of his sharp little bright invulnerable eyes. "You agreed to translate it."

"I've changed my mind," said Boris levelly. "I agree with every word it says, but I don't think this is the time to distribute it. It can't at this moment be accepted or understood by the people."

"That was for the executive to decide," said French. "Why didn't you refer it to them?"

"The people are behind this strike, Boysana," said Boris, lapsing into an older nickname to shield himself from the enveloping cold.

"The people! I don't think you know who the people are anymore," French said, and filled the little room with his contempt.

Boris fought. "I think that's truer of you," he said calmly.

"You're deserting us, Boris," said French with momentary real grief.

"Never," said Boris, who can use an emotional stimulus. "How could I desert you? Without you I would have been nothing. Surely you understand that? We've known each other all our lives."

French can play on that wicket with much greater power, but only when it's productive. "I don't know you now," he said. "Where are you now when ignorant boys are herding the people into death-traps?"

"I'm with the people, French. Where are you?"

French never stoops to defend himself. Moreover he had discovered from his intelligence officers that Boris had been involved in acts of mercy in Kwezi.

"You're with the Liberals. You collected food for the Liberals to take in under police escort. Who is prolonging a strike futile from the beginning and already exhausted? Who is encouraging a doomed strike?"

"The Red Cross took it in," Boris corrected him.

"The international Liberals," said French.

THAT WAS all I heard. I saw French leaving the university. The strike was in its third week, and every day now fresh convoys of soldiers were moving in by air and road from the north. The portion of the campus known variously as Blackies' Corner or Freedom Square was packed with knots of excited conspirators representing every shade of non-white political opinion from the Fourth International to the Liberal party. I caught him up at the steps. He looked terribly alive and very angry. Just as we moved on together I turned round. Boris was walking a few yards behind us. He made no sign of recognition. His face had died completely and his whole warm bulky body looked debased and furtive. I thought: he's done for now. And piously I reviled him.

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BEN B. SELIGMAN

AUTOMATION & THE STATE

IN 1944, MARK I—an electromechanical digital computer with over 760,000 parts and 500 miles of wire—was completed. It was a rather slow machine: addition or subtraction took one-third of a second and computing a logarithm to twenty decimal places took an unconscionable one-and-one-half seconds (as compared with today's speed of several millionths of a second). Pressured by the needs of ballistic science, MARK I soon begat ENIAC, the world's first electronic computer. ENIAC made MARK I as archaic as a water wheel. Yet there were drawbacks even in ENIAC, for its memory capacity was small, and it was necessary to rewire afresh for each new problem. And so, with the help of the work of John von Neumann, ENIAC begat EDVAC, a computer with a larger memory and employing the binary number system. EDVAC in turn begat EDSAC, which was able to place both instructions and data into the memory unit. Then came RAYDAC, a second cousin to UNIVAC I; SEAC, BIZMAC, FLAC, MIDAC, and DYSEAC quickly followed, all utilizing the basic EDVAC storage idea. MARK III was born in 1950, while OARAC, a close relation, arrived three years later. Some of the immediate descendants of these machines had no names, only numbers, but after ORDVAC came AVIDAC and after ILLIAC came MANIAC I. Finally, a third generation of computers was born surpassing the older vacuum-tube and solid-state systems with magnetic thin film memories and microminiaturization.

By 1963 the number of computers in use in the United States had reached 20,000, and another 5,000 will be added by 1965. The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that this technological advance resulted in the loss of over one million jobs in manufacturing industries alone between 1953 and 1959, with prospects for the future looking even gloomier. There are, however, those who dispute the idea that automation has been destroying jobs, and in quarreling with the Bureau of Labor Statistics' estimate, they point to the 1964 Manpower Report which shows a 4.3 million growth in "nonfarm employment" in the years 1957 to 1963. But hidden in the report was a table on the sources of that growth: direct employment by federal, state, and local governments accounted for 46 per cent; government "procurement" programs for 19 per cent; nonprofit institutions for 16 per cent; part-time jobs generated by private demand for 14 per cent; and *full-time jobs created by industry's own efforts for only 5 per cent.* Lost in the industrial and technological shuffle each year, then, were 200,000 jobs; and this figure does not include the file clerks and accountants whose positions evaporate every time a computer enters an office.

There is little consolation for the factory worker in the expansion of government employment (which has resulted primarily from the assumption of more tasks), since he does not possess the requisite transferable skills. In any event, according to a recent joint report by the Departments of Labor and Commerce, further growth in the number of federal jobs seems doubtful. To make matters worse, employment is also expected to drop because of technology in eighteen major industries which have up to now enjoyed high volume—automobiles, iron and steel, electric power, etc. In fourteen other industries, moreover—including trade, banking, insurance, transport, electronics, and synthetics—only increased demand can, in the opinion of the report, overcome the effects of spreading labor-saving devices.

The fundamental economic relationships involved are very simple: as productivity (i.e., the power to produce) increases, there must be a concomitant increase in output or jobs are bound to disappear. Technology, in part a child of the state, has given a fillip to produc-

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tivity, but production has not been increasing fast enough to provide all the jobs we need for an ever growing population. Here are the facts: from 1909 to 1947, the average annual increase in productivity was 2 per cent; from 1947 to 1960, it was about 3 per cent; and from 1960 to 1963, it rose 3.6 per cent each year. With such an annual rise in productivity, and with 60 million people in the private labor force, 2.1 million new jobs would have to be created every year just to keep unemployment from going up—and another 1.5 million a year to take care of the young people just coming into the work force. Now, while output has indeed been on the increase, the pace of the increase has been too sluggish to compensate for the enhanced productivity stemming from automation, mechanization, cybernation—that is, from the new technology.

The answer, then, would appear to be simple—just increase output. That, however, is more easily said than done, for there is no way of bringing about greater output (at least in the private sector) when there is no market, and there is no market when there are no jobs. One possible solution—which is indeed on the verge of adoption by default—is to allow Disraeli's Two Nations to develop once again and let the poor go hang. Another solution—advanced by those who believe that fiscal policy alone can cure the affliction of unemployment, no matter what its etiology may be—is to create additional output by such means as the recent tax cut, which is expected to generate an additional thirty billion dollars worth of demand. But the real likelihood is that not even an expanded demand of this magnitude could do much for footloose miners, unemployed packinghouse workers, displaced auto workers, laid-off railroad workers, and all the others whose skills have suddenly become unnecessary and unwanted. To be sure, the Council of Economic Advisers argued before the Senate Labor Committee last year that there is a "proven capacity for a free labor market to reconcile discrepancies between particular labor supplies and particular labor demand." Yet in recent years the Gross National Product has grown as much as 6 per cent per annum, and no new jobs have come into being for those who need them most bitterly—the displaced, the young, the unskilled. The industries in which displacement has been occurring are mature ones—autos, steel, food-processing, clothing—and it seems highly improbable that they will expand their sales sufficiently to replace the jobs that have been dispensed with. Automation has accelerated productivity in these industries just enough for them to keep pace with normal market growth while getting along with fewer workers.

DESPITE THE grudging recognition the Council of Economic Advisers sometimes gives to the structural distortions stemming from technology, its position is that added investment and greater consumer demand will do more than anything else to ease the burden placed on those who must find new sources of income. The Council insists, too (citing the imperatives of national defense), that the encouragement of innovation—this means automation as well as ordinary industrial change—is a direct responsibility of government. Hence, research and development—for which government paid two-thirds of the $16 billion spent in 1962-63 and which mostly goes to aircraft, missiles, electronics, chemicals, and machinery—needs to be continued. But what of those who, like the handloom weavers of yore and the coal miners of today, are unable to enjoy "the fruits of technology"? Collective bargaining in meat-packing, printing, autos, steel, and on the docks has not been overly successful in dealing with automation. In fact, such schemes as profit-sharing, cost-savings sharing, severance pay, interplant transfers, or early retirement are of help only to the worker who is still on the inside. They do nothing for the worker who was displaced last year, or the year before, or the year before that—nor for the young worker just out of school and looking for a job.

From the point of view of the state—which wants technology unlimited—many of these schemes are really not "practicable" in that they "cannot provide complete worker protection without unduly slowing the pace of technical advance," as the CEA has so bluntly put it. It seems that ways must therefore he found to help the victims of material advancement, not because they are people, but because they are potential Luddites. This curious view was faintly hinted at back in 1955 when the Joint Economic Committee expressed an earlier optimism about automation. Several years later, President Kennedy's Labor-Management Committee's report on automation, echoing the concern he had voiced for young people seeking jobs and for displaced older workers, recognized that the *net* effect of technology has been increasing unemployment and suggested that something might have to be done. (Henry Ford II and Arthur F. Burns, who had been Eisenhower's chief economist, dissented and

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would not support the majority, for it seemed to them that any sort of government action might be oppressive to free enterprise.) Then, last July, it was bruited about that the President might appoint a high-level Commission on Automation: the administration seemed disturbed that if the impact of automation were not softened, resistance would arise and the introduction of new machines slowed down. (Nothing, however, has yet come of the Commission idea despite a revival of Congressional talk about it: it is currently rumored that Johnson may set up an Interdepartmental Committee, an elegant way of burying any controversial issue.)

There are some who say that precedent for government action was provided by the Full Employment Act of 1946. But this statute does not even offer a rough blueprint. Failing to define what "full employment" goals ought to be in an economy that undergoes perpetual change, the Act, which directs the Council of Economic Advisers merely to study conditions and write reports remains what it was intended to be—a superb example of legislative rhetoric. If one looks at the debates in Congress preceding its passage, one finds much talk on fiscal and monetary policy and how the Federal Reserve System might stimulate investment by manipulating interest rates and member bank reserves and by buying and selling securities in the open market. Unfortunately, the Federal Reserve System is still a quasi-independent agency, and it has not always pursued policies that would benefit the rest of us. The Full Employment Act, therefore, is of little help in an age of automation.

THE pressures on government to do something, however, continued, and they finally did boil over in 1961 into the first major piece of legislation to deal with structural unemployment—the Area Redevelopment Act, which authorized the spending of $375 million to stimulate economic activity in depressed areas. Most of the money was earmarked for long-term loans, and some of it for grants to local communities. Since the measure was not intended to deal specifically with the aftermath of automation, only a modest sum was allocated for teaching the unemployed new skills.

By the end of 1963, over $200 million had been committed, presumably enough to create 20,000 new jobs in areas long afflicted by joblessness. Additional funds were refused last summer, however, and the ARA will probably expire in futility in mid-1965. Indeed, the overly modest nature of the program suggests that Congress intended it merely as a gesture. Even so, there was a basic defect in the conception of the Act. Although the idea behind it was to plant seed capital in depressed areas to attract new ventures, the very restriction of the loans to companies that were poor risks at the bank in the first place made it unlikely that much good could be done. For the fact is that within the context of the present social and economic order, a depressed area needs the kind of lift that can only be generated by successful firms; marginal companies continue to stagger no matter how much financial blood is pumped into them.

Senator Paul Douglas, who designed a bill to aid depressed areas as far back as 1955, thought of helping just a few of the hardest hit localities as demonstration projects: he wanted to show what could be really done for areas devastated by time and technology. However, as the ARA bill went through one session of Congress after another, through committee and subcommittee hearings, through drafts, redrafts, and rewrites, a pork-barrel sentiment developed. In response to pressures from mayors and governors all over the country, the ARA's geographic responsibility was widened and its possible effectiveness thereby diluted. As Dr. Sar A. Levitan argues in *Federal Aid to Depressed Areas*,* the program, considering its limited size, ought to have focused on *declining* areas—communities which were losing population and whose social capital (homes, schools, churches, businesses) was being left to waste away. Instead, by the time all the baker's dozens of Congressmen and state and local officials got through, there were enough *growing* towns in the program to convert it into a travesty. Of course, unemployment in a town whose population is on the upswing is just as serious as unemployment in a town whose young people are running off to other places. But ARA was not designed to cope with both situations: its objective was supposed to be to encourage new industries—new to the community—to move into *depressed* areas to provide jobs.

Yet even if ARA had stuck to this objective, it is doubtful whether the program as conceived could have worked properly. ARA assumed that bolstering existing social capital and social overhead would make a sick town with decrepit shells of abandoned factories attractive enough to draw in a new auto assembly plant or automated abattoir. This "trickle

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down" theory may have seemed plausible on paper but, in the event, it proved difficult to convince Ford or Armour to invest in a town on the downgrade. In short, it was evident that contemporary politics and economics had alike shown themselves inadequate to cope with the needs engendered by the new technology.

ONE MIGHT think that the huge volume of defense contracts could be employed to help depressed areas. But the Department of Defense may not by statute give awards to businesses in the poorer areas if a lower cost can be arranged elsewhere. This statute is based on normal accounting procedures. From a social standpoint, however, unemployment surely ought to be included in any calculus of cost, as it is in West Germany and Britain, where efforts are made to locate plants in areas that need jobs; in Sweden, similarly, investment tax credits are utilized to locate factories where they can be most helpful. Unfortunately, such ideas are much too suggestive of economic planning to be fully acceptable to American policy-makers; even Senator Douglas did not appear overly enthusiastic with the limited planning provisions urged by some proponents of the Area Redevelopment Act.

Among the other things the ARA experience has revealed is the urgent need for a viable manpower policy. It is a need that arises not only from the high unemployment rates which persist despite prosperity and from the monthly influx of thousands of teen-agers into the labor market, but from the dislocations created by automation as well. Of course, the employment situation is complicated; disentangling in statistically precise ways the variety of elements involved is almost impossible. While some unemployment may be attributed to lagging effective demand, computer technology and rapid obsolescence of older methods of making goods have destroyed numerous skills while creating other more esoteric occupations *which themselves require fewer bodies to fill.* Hence no amount of heat emanating from a warmed-up fiscal policy will melt the icebergs of hard-core unemployment: existing measures such as the tax cut are like trying to light a match to Antarctica. But what of the other measures that have been adopted—vocational education, retraining, and programs to improve labor mobility? How have they been faring?

To begin with labor mobility: there are some 1,900 public employment service offices in the nation, operated jointly, as it were, by the Department of Labor and the states. The effectiveness of these offices varies from state to state, for administrators have been apt to think of the unemployment insurance program in which they are involved as primary and of placement, counseling, and information as secondary and not very urgent responsibilities. It took the chiding of President Kennedy and the continual prodding of the Labor Department to get the local offices to do more placement work last year. But for all the chiding and prodding and for all the appropriations—$160 million by the federal government alone in 1963—"new hires" through state employment offices still run around a mere 15 per cent of the total number of new jobs acquired.

In 1962, the United States Employment Service installed an "early warning system" to identify in advance groups of workers who might be threatened by technological displacement or mass layoff. This was an excellent idea, except that not all employers were willing to say what they were planning far enough ahead for the system to do much good: after all, to announce a layoff months in advance might have a harmful effect on a corporation's stock prices. When Studebaker closed its South Bend operations in December 1963, it gave exactly one week's notice; with the sudden shutdown, 7,000 workers were stranded, over 7 per cent of the South Bend work force: the shock to the community was a stunning one. Perhaps voluntary "early warning" should be reinforced by some legislative sanction. Certainly at the very least, employers should be persuaded to register all job vacancies. Legislative action, which hitherto has run afoul of the private employment agency lobby, might begin rather modestly by offering firms an adjustment in unemployment insurance rates in return for registering job vacancies at the USES. The President's Executive Order prohibiting discrimination in government contracts could also be broadened to include the same registration requirement. For as Dr. Levitan has argued, people should not have to pay a fee in order to obtain a job in a firm that does business with the government.

While placement by itself cannot create new jobs, it can reduce unemployment by directing those with proper skills to such openings as do exist. The key term, of course, is "proper skills" and here an effective retraining program is essential. By now, there seems little doubt that large numbers of the unemployed lack the skills that would qualify them to fill whatever jobs are available. In Washington, for example, there were recently several hundred empty jobs

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in the printing trades with no one around to do the work—and no program in operation to train unemployed individuals for these posts. As for the young, two-thirds of the new entrants into the labor force have no specific training of *any* kind: even possession of a high-school diploma does not qualify them for work. What is being done to provide all these people with the skills they need if they are ever to obtain jobs?

THERE HAS, of course, been a federal program in existence for vocational education since 1917, when the Smith-Hughes Act provided for sharing costs with the states. But in the ensuing forty-six years, federal support of these traditional efforts has only averaged about $1.2 million a year, or 7 per cent of state and local outlays. An additional deficiency is that some two-thirds of the approximately four million youngsters receiving vocational education today are being taught home economics and farming, which is hardly likely to prepare them for the age of automation. Probably the situation will be altered somewhat by the Morse-Perkins Act of last year which more than doubled federal allotments to the states and authorized a jump in federal contributions to an annual $226 million by 1967. Occupations other than cookery and farming have also finally been allowed into the program, and part of the new federal money may be used to build vocational schools, to sponsor research, and to engage in such experiments as work-study programs.

Some training was provided for unemployed persons under the ARA in 1961, but it was not until a year later that a more hopeful start was made. The Manpower Development and Training Act, passed in 1962 after much legislative travail, provides allowances for giving unemployed heads of families up to fifty-two weeks of training. At first, lesser allowances were extended to youths between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, and the proportion of expenditures for such newcomers to the labor market was limited to 5 per cent of the total to be spent on training. The demand for youth training, however, was so great that the law had to be liberalized in 1963. This is all to the good, and would be even better if the training courses were only blessed with more imagination. Stenography, typing, automobile mechanics, nursing, and welding account for half of the program. An effort has also been made to reach farm workers in New Jersey, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas with a course in farm equipment mechanics. (It is good to note that twenty of the twenty-five New Jersey trainees successfully secured new jobs.) In addition, ambitious courses were attempted to train Indians in New Mexico and Arizona as electronic solderers, but when the graduates went to work in the Los Angeles area for an average of $1.76 an hour, well below union rates, organized labor objected. (The Bureau of Indian Affairs would nevertheless like to see the course repeated, since $1.76 an hour is still a good deal more than can be earned on the reservation.) Other courses—the sort of training projects that are said to be necessary to reach the so-called hard-core unemployed—have upgraded janitorial work into a custodial occupation (the latter requires more skill than swabbing a floor with a mop, for maintenance of a modern building requires a knowledge of appliances, detergents, insecticides, and waxes). Finally, there is a modest on-the-job training program and several special demonstration projects aimed at "functional" illiterates and school dropouts.

Yet training programs are not a solution to unemployment. As one economist has remarked, they are rather a salvaging operation to help a few individuals acquire marketable skills. The fact remains that most of the unemployed could not fill the jobs for which there may be openings even if they got a whole decade's training. Most of those in charge of the training programs acknowledge this, and motivated by an understandable bureaucratic desire for success, they have had to impose high admission standards, select the courses carefully, and concentrate on younger people. Consequently, older persons and women have by and large been overlooked (while 10 per cent of all MDTA programs involve persons over the age of forty-five, more than a quarter of the unemployed fall into this age bracket).

How successful has the training effort been thus far? Labor Department officials say that 88 per cent of those who completed their courses got jobs. This sounds impressive until one translates it back into the actual numbers: in 1963 only 27,500 unemployed persons (out of a total of 65,000 who originally enrolled) received training, and of these only 17,000 were able to put it to use successfully. Obviously, much more needs to be done if training is to have any sort of impact. MDTA officials may believe that they have an unqualified success on their hands, but 27,500 graduates a year will not meet Congress's hope for 400,000 retrained workers within three years. At best, it

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is a useful start; at worst, a piece of misleading showmanship.

OUR ECONOMY is changing in ways that suggest a far lesser need for workers than has been the case in the past. The old pyramid, in which a large base of employed supported a narrower apex of non-workers, is revolving about its center, so that soon, perhaps in a decade or two, a relative few will provide the material requirements of the many. To prepare for that contingency—which would indeed make automation meaningful—we should start now to reduce the work force. Of course, retraining is necessary to make square pegs round enough to fit into their proper holes. But in addition, a wage system that functioned well enough and at high enough levels to obviate the need for moonlighting and multiple-jobholders would contribute enormously toward alleviating the strains of automation. A variegated works program, geared to rebuilding the neglected "social overhead" in the public realm —roads, parking space, school buildings, urban transport, housing, and parks—would not only give jobs to several million untutored, but also, over the long haul, provide them with minimal work skills. And for those unlikely ever to work again, of which there must be at least a million or more (aside from the aged), why not simply give them enough money to carry on with some measure of decency?

Interestingly enough, other nations have initiated many of these measures precisely as a response to technology. The Swedish Labor Market Board attempts to locate redundant workers and grants travel subsidies and money allowances to help them move to localities where they may be in demand. Financing for new construction is provided in towns where pockets of unemployment develop. By such devices, unemployment in Sweden has been kept down to 1.5 per cent of the labor force—an extraordinary achievement. Last January the Canadian government introduced legislation to establish similar labor mobility schemes. The Dominion authorities proposed to pay half the cost that any province or industry would incur in moving idle workers and their families to places where jobs might be available. Further, unions and management are encouraged to investigate adjustment plans well in advance of changes stemming from automation.

But the centuries-old habits of American politics intrude on our dreams. An archaic ethic which insists that he who does not work shall not eat; a Congressional structure virtually unchanged since colonial days; a federalism that fails to come to grips with the complexities of regional economies; an apathetic response from the affluent; and the American posture of make-do and sudden crash programs—all these raise almost insuperable barriers to the formulation of a reasonable program to deal with automation and its consequences.

Meanwhile, the technology of our age—fostered by the state, which at the same time has responded with such pathetic inadequacy to the problems it has created—continues to spread with undiminished force, altering traditional work relationships and dispossessing hundreds of thousands of people with every passing year.

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EMIL L. FACKENHEIM

ON THE ECLIPSE OF GOD

In one of his writings Martin Heidegger quotes with approval, as applying to the present, these words of the early 19th-century German poet Hoelderlin: "Alas, our generation walks in night, dwells as in Hades, without the Divine." When Hoelderlin wrote those words, there cannot have been many people who agreed with him, for it was an age which thought of itself as about to reach the very summit of religious enlightenment. In our own age, by contrast—an age which is acquainted with catastrophe and stands in fear of even greater catastrophes to come—hardly anyone can think of himself as walking in anything but night. And while it is not immediately clear whether this means that we must dwell "without the Divine"—indeed, that is the question to which these reflections are addressed—it is at any rate perfectly clear that we are undergoing an unprecedented crisis of religious faith.

According to a widespread view, it is the very catastrophes of the 20th century which have brought the crisis about. The ancient belief that the Divine is with us—that God lives and cares—cannot, it is said, be sustained in the face of these catastrophes, for to sustain it requires smugness and blindness to tragedy. Yet the fact is that this view reflects a complete lack of understanding of the nature of religious faith in general and Biblical faith in particular. Biblical faith—and I mean both Jewish and Christian—is never destroyed by tragedy but only tested by it; and in the test it both clarifies its own meaning and conquers tragedy. Here, precisely, lies the secret of its strength.

Consider a few representative examples. The prophet Jeremiah lives to see the destruction of the Temple, of Jerusalem, of the whole national existence of Judah. He does not deny the tragedy or seek to explain it away. But neither does it occur to him that God's existence has now been refuted, or that He can no longer be conceived as just, or as loving His people, Israel. To Jeremiah the destruction of the Temple *is* a manifestation of divine justice. And it does not mark the end of divine love: "There is hope for the future."

The case of Job is still more extreme because Job is struck by tragedies which are explicitly said to be beyond the bounds of any conceivable divine justice. Yet Job never denies the existence of God; nor does he follow his wife's suggestion that he curse God and die. His faith is reduced to utter unintelligibility, yet he persists in it.

Let me give a final example which, at least in one respect, is still more extreme—the example of the Psalmist. Even in the midst of unintelligible tragedy, Job never wholly loses his sense of the presence of God. The Psalmist *in extremis,* however, does, when He complains that God has "hidden His face." God is not—at least not now—present. Unlike Job, the Psalmist does not ask that God's ways be made intelligible to him. He does not ask that the valley of the shadows or the netherworld be made to vanish; he asks only that God be present while he walks through them, as God was present to him before. Yet even in this most extreme of all crisis situations—God having "hidden His face"—the Psalmist never loses his faith. He never says that God does not, after all, exist; nor that, though existing, He has finally ceased to care. (In practice the two assertions would amount to the same thing.) What he does say is that, unaccountably, God has hidden His face; that He has hidden it for only a while; and that He will turn His face back to man again.

Put radically, this means that there is no experience, either without or within, that can possibly destroy religious faith. Good fortune without reveals the hand of God; bad fortune, if it is not a matter of just punishment, teaches that God's ways are unintelligible, not that there *are* no ways of God. A full heart within indicates the Divine Presence; an empty heart bespeaks not the non-existence or unconcern of God, but merely His temporary absence. *Religious faith can be, and is, empirically verifiable; but nothing empirical can possibly refute it.*

Philosophers of science rightly assert that such an attitude toward the empirical is in principle il-

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legitimate in the sciences. It is, however, hardly surprising that it should be of the essence of religious faith. Science is forever hypothetical. But what could one make of a religious faith which was forever hypothetical, wavering between belief in good times and unbelief in bad? Since, as we have seen, the characteristic of genuine faith is not only to survive in tragic times but to survive in them most triumphant, it is no accident that adherents of Biblical faith should always have regarded times of external or internal darkness not as evidence against God, but rather —to use Martin Buber's expression—as evidence of an "eclipse of God." To follow Buber's metaphor, an eclipse of the sun is something that occurs, not to or in the sun, but between the sun and the eye; moreover, this occurrence is temporary. Hence the catastrophes of our time, however great, cannot by themselves account for the contemporary crisis of religious belief; or rather, they can be regarded as having produced this crisis only on the assumption that religious belief was already undermined. What, then, undermined it?

MOST PEOPLE would say: modern science. The story begins with Copernicus, who shows that the earth is but one of many stars; it is carried forward by Darwin, who shows that man is but a higher animal; and it culminates with Freud, who shows that the one indubitably distinctive human characteristic—rationality—is neither very significant nor even very distinctive. Once at the center of the universe, man has been moved to the periphery. Once the crown of creation, man has become a fleck of dust.

Another and related aspect is perhaps still more important. The pre-modern universe was shot through with value: there was a hierarchy of purposes into which man with his human purposes could fit and feel at home. By contrast, the universe of modern science is a universe of fact without purpose; and because man cannot live without purpose, there arises a dichotomy between "fact" and "value." Values are now human *only*: man finds that he and his values have no counterpart in the world of sheer fact around him—he is radically alone. When Aristotle gazed at the stars, he could regard them as manifesting purposes somehow akin to human purposes. When the Stranger of Albert Camus's novel gazes at the stars, he must regard them as neutral. Thus it seems that man is not only a marginal being within the universe of modern science, but also that his purposes and values, inextricably bound up with any conceivable religion, lack the kind of "objective" warrant which could be given them by some Archimedean point outside himself. How, then, can he still look upon himself as being under the special care of a cosmic God?

But this whole argument, however plausible on the surface, is utterly invalid. Since Biblical belief is empirically irrefutable, scientific evidence can no more affect it than the evidence of historical tragedy or the evidence of an empty heart. The Biblical God, to be sure, has always revealed Himself. But He has always concealed Himself as well. At most, therefore, modern science should have had no greater effect on Biblical belief than to show that its God was even more inscrutable than had hitherto been thought, and His revelations even more ambiguous and intermittent.

Perhaps, however, it would be rash to dismiss the threat of modern science to Biblical faith on such general grounds alone. Conceivably there is a special affinity between that faith and the *Weltanschauung* of the pre-modern world, and conceivably the very different *Weltanschauung* that goes with modern science is radically in conflict with Biblical faith. Science may be unable to refute faith, yet it may be that one cannot really live by both.

But is it true that pre-modern science and Biblical faith are temperamentally compatible, while modern science and Biblical faith are mutually hostile? A. N. Whitehead argues, and argues plausibly, that the opposite is the case. According to Whitehead, pre-modern and modern science differ not only in their conclusions about nature but also in their approach to nature. Pre-modern science did not experiment with—"torture"—nature: who would wish to torture something divine, or shot through with divinity? It was because they regarded nature as divine that the Greeks thought only of contemplating it and not of putting it to human use. Thus, though they developed so much else, they never systematically developed experimentation. To the Protestant mind, schooled in the Bible, nature is not divine, but the *work* of God; and God created it for human use. It was this belief—still according to Whitehead—that made modern experimental science possible. Hence one might well conclude that in some ways modern science is closer in spirit to Biblical faith than its pre-modern predecessor. Is there not rivalry between a science which finds gods in nature and a faith whose God is beyond nature? And is not a science for which nature is at any rate un-divine free from conflict with a faith which, however different in all other respects, agrees at least on this one point?

Nevertheless, it might still remain true that this un-divine nature of modern science threatens, if it does not rule out, any religious recourse to a Divinity beyone nature. If man is a mere fleck of dust in a blind universe, can he plausibly resort to such a God—a God, furthermore, essentially concerned with *him*? But closer inspection reveals that this is, and has been since the rise of modern science, only half the story. As the *object* of scientific investigation, man may

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be infinitely small. As the *subject* undertaking the investigation, however, he is infinitely large, if only because he knows that he is infinitely small. Man, growing ever smaller in stature as modern science progressed, at the same time grew ever larger as well; for whereas all else in the universe was only part of a whole, it was man who *knew* the whole and his own position within it. And so far as we can tell even today, man is unique in this respect. What makes him unique, moreover, is not a mere capacity for abstract theory which is relevant to a few thinkers alone; it is the power this capacity gives him to transform nature, as well as to transform the whole human condition. Because of technology man can be more fully controlled than ever before; he becomes the object of physical and social engineering. But the engineer is himself human.

I hope it is clear that my purpose is not to exalt human greatness in an attempt—like those of earlier times—to struggle by means of faith in man toward faith in God. Rather what I want to stress is man's dialectical condition: that he is at once small and large, part of the universe and yet not reducible to a mere part—in short, and for better or worse, a terror, wonder, and mystery to himself. Now in this regard, modern man is not really so far from the Psalmist who writes: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou shouldst think of him? Yet hast Thou made him but little lower than the angels, and crowned him with honor and glory." It is, to be sure, a decisive difference that the Psalmist feels at once small and large *before God*. His feeling and ours, however, have much in common.

If, then, the historical catastrophes of our time cannot explain the crisis of contemporary religious belief, neither can modern science and all its works. Indeed, one might go so far as to say that the whole battle between science and religion rests on nothing but gigantic misunderstandings on both sides. It was because faith had *already* been undermined by the time this battle was joined in the 19th century, that religion had to resort either to a fundamentalism hostile to all science, or else to a modernism seeking props for its own weakness in a science which would not and could not provide them.

OUR QUESTION CONCERNING the cause of the modern crisis of faith thus remains unanswered. In seeking the answer, we do well to keep a firm grasp on the essence of Biblical faith, which is the *believer's certainty of standing in relation to an unprovable and irrefutable God*. What could have undermined such a certainty? The process was extremely complex, but let us for the sake of better understanding try to describe it as though it took place in three clearly distinct stages.

First came what may be called the discovery of the circle of authority and faith. A pre-modern man, if asked about the grounds of his religious certainty, would presumably have pointed to an authority—a prophet, a sacred scripture, a church, even the voice of his own heart. This, however, involves a circle. If Moses beheld the Presence of God in the burning bush, it was because he was already open to that Presence; a modern agnostic, beholding the same bush, would perceive only a chemical phenomenon. No conceivable datum—neither a natural fact, nor an inner experience, nor an existing scripture—can serve as an authority authenticating a religious truth except for those already prepared to accept that truth on faith. Faith may base itself on authority; but the authority *is* an authority only where faith can be presupposed.

The discovery of this circle is not by itself fatal to faith, as can be seen from the fact that pre-modern thinkers were by no means wholly unaware of it. (Saint Thomas Aquinas knew, for example, that he could not argue with a non-believer on the basis of the revealed Scriptures, since the issue between them was precisely whether the Scriptures *were* revealed.) Nevertheless, the discovery, by focusing attention on faith instead of on authority, leads the modern critic to a second and more decisive step. To the believer, faith is the *immediate relation* between himself and God. To the critic, faith is merely the *feeling* of standing in such a relation, plus an *inference* from that feeling to an actual God.

The step just described may seem a matter of mere philosophical subtlety; yet everything centers around it. For once this second step is taken, the third—and it is the *coup de grâce*—quickly follows; the elimination, with the help of Ockham's razor, of the inferred God. Ockham asserted the rational necessity of eliminating unnecessary assumptions, as one shaves off an unwanted beard. And it is all too clear that God, as an assumption made to account for the feeling of His Presence, is indeed both unwanted and unnecessary.

In the first place, a God inferred to explain religious feelings would at most be a probable inference, capable of refutation and never really certain. And in the second place, anyone in agreement with Kant (and with a good many other philosophers as well) would regard such an inference—moving from a natural effect to a supernatural cause—as in principle illegitimate.

Thus modern criticism, operating through three stages, explains faith as an inference from religious feeling, and eliminates the inference as a redundancy. To complete the destruction of faith, it remains only to explain how the inference should ever have been mistaken for an immediate relationship. *That* is achieved by defining God as in fact an unconscious projection, and faith as in fact a solitary disport with re-

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ligious feelings (however these, in turn, are to be explained).

The reason we can consider this whole process—which may be termed subjectivist reductionism—as *the* cause of the modern religious crisis, is that it is not a mere intellectual argument carried on by abstract thinkers. Subjectivist reductionism has become a modern—perhaps *the* modern—way of life. Which came first—the argument or the way of life—we need not here inquire.

MUCH THAT passes for an independent assault on religion is actually a version, or an application, of the three-stage argument just presented. Consider, first, Biblical criticism, which, it is sometimes supposed, constitutes a refutation of the claim that the Scriptures are the revealed word of God. But in fact Biblical criticism either presupposes what it imagines itself to be proving, or else it leaves the issue open. For if the critic declares that what the Bible itself regards as the reflection of human dialogues with God is nothing more than an expression of the evolution of religious feelings and ideas, it is he who has brought such categories to the Bible, not the Bible which has yielded them to him. His criticism, in other words, already assumes a position of subjectivist reductionism.

Consider, next, humanism. Feuerbach, possibly the greatest of modern humanists, speaks for all: "What man is not, but wills to be or wishes to be, just that and only that, nothing else, is God." But to the religious believer, God is not what *he* wills to be; He is the other-than-human with Whom the believer stands in relation. How, then, does the humanist refute the believer? Only by a form of subjectivist reductionism. And what is true of Feuerbach is true of Marx and Freud as well. To unmask *some* gods as pseudo-gods, they can rely on specific empirical evidence in specific spheres. But to unmask all gods as pseudo-gods is in the end to rest one's case not on specific empirical evidence but on an *a priori* philosophical argument; and the argument is a form of subjectivist reductionism.

So pervasive is subjectivist reductionism in the modern world that it has enlisted friends of religion as well as foes in its ranks—although it must be said that this friendship is of the most dubious kind. Its nature may be illustrated by two examples, the one widespread and popular, the other more or less confined to academics. Pragmatism—and a good deal of popular psychology as well—is apt to assert that while religious beliefs are mere wish- or need-projections, they are useful, or even necessary, for comfortable survival in an uncomfortable world. The question thus arises as to how they can be preserved, and the answer would appear to be: by keeping their illusory character concealed. For who can live by a belief which he knows to be illusory? Yet such concealment is not only practically impossible in the modern world; the particular friends of religion presently under consideration do not even seem to desire it. Hence in many circles religion has become a collective make-believe: something which is good for most, accepted as true by others, rejected as false by oneself. Religion of this sort is not a bulwark against religious crisis; it is one of its gravest manifestations.

Much the same can be said of the other, more academic forms of friendship for religion displayed by some of the linguistic philosophers who have now taken over from the logical positivists. Logical positivism was a clear foe of religious faith. It declared religious language to be emotive only, referring to no objective reality. Thus "God" really meant "three cheers for the world"; and a revivalist preacher, urging his congregation to give three cheers for God, was really saying "Let's give three cheers for three cheers for the world." Here was subjectivist reductionism accompanied by forthright hostility. The heirs of logical positivism, the linguistic philosophers, on the whole feel no such hostility. Science tells us about the world, they say, while religion reflects attitudes toward the world —and why should we not have attitudes? Indeed, how can we live without them? But if religion is acknowledged to be an attitude *only,* and the God toward whom religion is an attitude is excluded, then subjectivist reductionism has won the day. Defending the attitude *as* attitude does not protect religious faith: it helps bring about its doom.

HAS SUBJECTIVIST reductionism, then, won the day? It has not. For the Biblical faith has been restated in our time, both by Jews and Christians, with a purity perhaps unmatched in centuries; and this restatement has fully risen to the challenge posed by subjectivist reductionism.

Here are two quotations, one taken from Bertrand Russell's *My Philosophical Development,* the other from Buber's *Eclipse of God.* Russell writes:

> If A loves B the relation . . . consists in certain states of mind of A. Even an atheist must admit that a man can love God. It follows that love of God is a state of the man who feels it, and not properly a relational fact.

Contrast this with Buber:

> Great images of God fashioned by mankind are born, not of imagination, but of real encounters with Divine power and glory.

Russell here admirably states the subjectivist-reductionist view. Although he expressly speaks only of the love of God, what he says would apply equally well to faith. Just as an atheist can "admit that a man can love God," he can ad-

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mit faith in another man. Faith would be a subjective state and God would become an inference made by the believer which the atheist would declare invalid.

Buber's statement, once contrasted with Russell's, is seen in its full significance and polemical power. Man does not have private feelings from which he infers the Divine. *If related to God at all, he is primordially open to Him; and his subjective feelings and the images of God he fashions are mere by-products of this primordial openness.* No doubt man can be imprisoned by images and feelings, and no doubt he can seek to escape from the prison of these images and feelings by inferring from them to a God beyond them. But such imprisonment is pseudo-religion, and the attempt to escape from it is futile. Or rather, the true escape is not to infer God from images and feelings, but to turn away from these to God Himself.

On Buber's thesis, an atheist can certainly "admit that a man can love God." But it is questionable whether an atheist can do something far more important—understand what the love of God *means*. For how can he distinguish between the pseudo-love which, being feeling *only*, is a disguised love of self, and the real love which obtains between God and man? And what holds of the distinction between love and pseudo-love also holds of the distinction between "great" images of God and trivial or superficial ones. Perhaps the atheist does not wholly lack the power to make these distinctions; but then, not everyone protesting atheism is a simple and unequivocal atheist.

Here we have, then, two assertions. How are we to judge between them? I will approach this decisive question through a perennial problem, though it can carry us only to the threshold of an answer. Philosophers often ask how one can know other minds. I can immediately know my own feelings; and I can immediately observe other people's behavior. But how can I know the feelings of others? Well, I can infer them from their behavior. But this inference would seem to presuppose that their behavior is like mine—that, for example, they behave when they feel pain as I do when I feel pain. This assumption may be perfectly plausible. But it *is* an assumption. Hence I can never know, and certainly never know *immediately*, that I am not radically alone.

I am persuaded that, while this line of reasoning has some value in bringing to light certain specific philosophical issues, it is altogether misguided. A self is primordially open to other selves; and unless it were thus open it would never become a self at all. A child *becomes* an "I" in a relation of openness to a "Thou"; indeed, he knows the meaning of "Thou" before he knows the meaning of "I." There is, to be sure, a problem involved in knowing other selves. But the problem is not whether they exist; it is who they are. And it arises, not because the self is to begin with in a subjectivist prison from which it must subsequently try to escape; it arises because, born free of prisons of this kind, the self is subsequently cast into them by the breakdown of communication. And when the breakdown is complete there is mental disease.

THIS much, at least, would seem arguable or even demonstrable: genuine love between humans does not consist of subjectivist solitudes externally related; it is *one* relation, although always impaired in its unity, often threatened by temporary eclipse and sometimes by total destruction. A demonstration of this proposition, however, would—as has already been said—take us only to the threshold of the question we have been struggling with. For it might well be the case that, whereas genuine love between humans consists of an immediate relation, the love of God consists of feeling *only*. Indeed, this is bound to be true if the faith which knows this God is itself nothing more than subjective feeling. What, in the light of the foregoing, are we to make of this possibility?

The first thing to say is that if it is true, there can be no genuine love of God at all, since there can be no openness to the other which even love between humans requires. The second thing is that pseudo-love of God is the legitimate object of destructive criticism, and that from a perspective like Buber's, one cheerfully supports the criticism. And the third and most important thing to say is that genuine love of God—if there be such love—escapes the grasp of the subjectivist critic. For genuine love of God, which is openness to the Divine, can be known only in actual openness, and this is precisely what the critic cannot or will not have. Hence he is left only with the images and feelings which are its by-product. How then can he judge them *as* by-products? How, indeed, can he safely distinguish between the pseudo-faith and pseudo-love which are merely feelings projected onto a pseudo-god, and the genuine faith and love which constitute a relation to God? It would seem, therefore, that the critic's reduction even of pseudo-faith must always remain ambiguous, and can never be final.

This does not prevent him, however, from *deciding* that religious images and feelings are *never* "born of real encounters," that they are *always* mere "imagination." Only in making this decision, he does not give a *demonstration*. Buber's response to the challenge of subjectivist reductionism has disclosed that it does not refute Biblical faith, but rather that it opposes one faith to another. Biblical faith stakes all on man's primordial openness to the Divine—an openness, to be sure, which is interrupted by eclipses of God. The reductionist "faith" stakes all on the thesis that man is primordially shut off from

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God, and that all supposed openness is mere self-delusion. But in the perspective of Buber's modern reaffirmation of the Biblical faith, reductionism itself appears as a self-delusion: it mistakes withdrawal from God for the natural and inevitable human condition.

IN SUCH MANNER does faith refute the refutation proposed by subjectivist reductionism. But this is not to say that faith can prove its own case against subjectivist reductionism. It cannot refute but only reject it; and it can testify against it. For the argument cuts both ways. The reductionist cannot use observable data—religious images and feelings—to demonstrate the subjectivity of faith. But neither can the believer use these same data to demonstrate the objectivity of faith. For not only is it the case that the reductionist critic cannot or will not enter into the actual relation of openness to God; it is also the case that for the believer himself the "knowledge" obtained is shot through with the gravest of risks. After all, does not disguised self-love, being disguised, mistake itself for love of God? Are not god-projections, being unconscious, mistaken for real gods by those who are prey to them?

Some part of this risk has always been understood by believers in the Biblical tradition, who realized that false prophets, no less than true, can be sincere. The full extent of the risk, however, has become obvious only to the modern believer. His ancestor rarely doubted that man was in principle open to the Divine; hence the risk of which he was aware extended for the most part only to deciding when and how such openness was truly manifest. The modern believer, by contrast, has glimpsed the possibility that all openness to the Divine may be pseudo-openness only—that man may be radically alone. He does not stand in immediate openness to the Divine. He seeks, in Kierkegaard's expression, an immediacy after reflection. The Psalmist *in extremis* experienced an eclipse of God. The extremity of faith in the modern age is uncertainty as to whether what is experienced *is* an eclipse of God, or the final exposure of an illusion.

Hence if the modern believer works and waits for an end to this eclipse, he must carry in his working and waiting a uniquely modern burden. The Psalmist *in extremis* could rest in the irrefutability of faith. The modern believer *in extremis* must endure the full impact of its being undemonstrable as well; he must suffer the knowledge that to the world around him the absent God is a non-existent God, and that he himself can do no more than testify to the contrary.

Under these circumstances, it is natural that there should be those who wish to be told whether the present crisis of religious faith will lead to a renewal. But anyone who asks for a prediction does not understand what has been said. Pronouncements upon the future that is at stake here could not take the form of scientific or historical prediction, but only of indulgence in prophecy. And a rabbinic sage wisely observed that when Biblical times came to an end, prophecy was taken away from prophets and given over to fools and children.

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IRVING HOWE—THE SOCIALIST IMAGINATION

Theodore Solotaroff

OVER THE PAST decade or so there have seemed to be two Irving Howes. One, of course, is the literary scholar and journalist: the author of the fine critical biography of Sherwood Anderson, the intricate interpretation of Faulkner, the erudite and mostly objective book on *Politics and the Novel*. This is the Howe who also appears in journals as diverse as the *New Republic* and *Hudson Review*: his crisp, meticulous prose, his skill at literary description, his grasp of the relevant issue quite equal to any serious book or audience. He is almost always telling you something sound and worthwhile and he is almost always as clear as glass; except for a recent filler he wrote on contemporary criticism, he is the only critic I can think of who is not somehow defeated in writing for the *New York Times Book Review*. The other Irving Howe is, of course, the radical thinker and publicist: the co-author of books on American Communism and the U.A.W., and, more prominently, the embroiled editor and chief house writer of *Dissent*. This is the polemical Howe, the irascible idealist of the 30's joined to the rueful realist of the 50's—the enemy still in view but strengthened and camouflaged by affluence, his own position in need of reorientation and restatement, most of his best colleagues from the 1930's either demoralized or on long leaves of absence or succumbed to the blandishments of conformity. Amid his small band of hard-core socialists, disaffected social scientists, and surly graduate students, the political Howe is more natural but less impressive, more spirited but less intact, than the literary one. His *Dissent* prose typically comes on with its collar open, its sleeves rolled high, even a bit of shirttail hanging out—the hasty, edgy style of a militant radical eager to be back on the barricades and wide open to provocation.

Now and then the two Howes have seemed to inhabit the same essay. His famous pioneering attack on the conformity of the intellectuals begins in systematic cultural analysis and winds up in that special tone of lead-pipe sarcasm that helps one to live with his regrets at having missed all the "fun" of the radical years. Howe's recent essay on Richard Wright, James Baldwin, and Ralph Ellison is a more subtle but even more damaging combination of literary judgment and activist politicking. However, in reading through the rest of the essays in *A World More Attractive*,* which brings together for the first time his literary and polemical writing, I was struck much less by deflections of purpose and discrepancies in quality between these two sides of Howe's work than by the strength of their relation, the complicated but intimate terms on which they relate and support each other. Like certain good marriages that don't quite make sense until you observe the couple living together, Howe's purposes as a man of letters and a socialist make up a close communion, and, at their deeper levels of effort and perception and bias, a moving one.

ON THE MOST IMMEDIATE level of subject matter and approach, one sees that his view of the modern element in literature proceeds from and returns to the general perspective of his Marxist-Trotskyist background. For Howe, the dominant "style" of modern writing, as that of the age itself, is one of "extreme situations and radical solutions," and its content is most typically the strange and bitter fruit of an "unprecedented" crisis of experience and perception, conduct and belief. Howe's radicalism is less a matter of socialist programs than of a steadfast and highly educated awareness of cultural crisis. We all like to say, particularly when we sink back into the swamps of the soul, that we are living in an age of crisis, but few are able to sustain the conviction and fewer are able to discriminate its proper terms and to develop them meaningfully. Thus most "crisis writing" merely reveals the darkling plain of the modern literary mind where clouds of vagueness clash with mists of banality. Howe, on the other hand, is a true scholar of the 20th-century imagination of "experiment and disaster, apocalypse and skepticism . . . rebellion, disenchantment, and nothingness." His main advantage is that he is rooted in the intellectual tradition which has been best able to grasp the inexorably turning revolution of modern consciousness:

> Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish . . . [this] epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast frozen relations, with their train

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of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real conditions of life and his relations with his kind. . .

Nothing very "antiquated" about this statement, though it was made of the "bourgeois" epoch of one-hundred-twenty-five years ago by the two fathers of the socialist perspective. In the later writings of Marx and Engels, as well as of their followers and critics, the disintegration of custom and tradition and the manifold conditions of alienation were often reified or used for polemical ends, but the *problem* of bourgeois culture as it affected ideas and behavior continued to provide one of the deeper currents of Marxist thought. In observing Howe's attempt to forge a coherent perspective out of the complicated relations between the literature and the politics of the modern culture, to make sense of the testaments of modern poets and novelists as restatements of the perennial relation between the individual and society in terms of the personal experience of severe public disorder, one begins to realize how much he has profited from the diverse trends and revisions of the European radical tradition. No doubt someone better versed than I am in its literature could see more indebtedness than what Howe has chosen to make explicit in using, say, Mannheim's concept of "functional rationalism" to explore the recoil from utopianism in Orwell, Huxley, and Zamiatin, or Simmel's concept of the hero to focus the specific character and general significance of T. E. Lawrence's career, or insights from Marx, Durkheim, and C. Wright Mills to develop descriptions of the post-war mass society as it questions the socialist vision or attracts and stymies our novelists. However, one need not be a specialist to spot intellectual authority or to envy the pertinence, precision, and scope of Howe's investigation of the evidence and implications of the "uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions."

As a literary critic, Howe is not a "Marxist" in the standard sense: he is much too concerned usually—though not always—with the individuality of a writer and with the problems and possibilities of the self to insist upon the class relations of a Céline or Hemingway, a Frost or Wallace Stevens as the principle source of his attitude toward experience. Still, the focus of his criticism of these writers is basically a more subtle and searching version of the view that Trotsky develops—and vulgarizes—in *Literature and Revolution*: that, in Trotsky's words, "the rearrangement of classes shakes up individuality," that "Nature, love, or friendship" are closely connected with "the social spirit of an epoch," that "a profound break in history" both decimates and renews the arts by establishing their fundamental problems from a new angle. Howe has read, and no doubt lived, with this view for so long now that it functions as an *intuition*—in the sense that Croce used the term to designate the source of true literary perception—of the specific effect on a writer of the loss of "ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions" and the impermanence of "new-formed ones." This intuition makes him a penetrating interpreter of Wallace Stevens and Frost, as well as of the more obvious cases of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Faulkner, in their common struggle to capture some tentative basis for existence, or, in Frost's phrase, "some momentary stay against confusion."

IT IS ALSO EVIDENT that Howe's European socialist orientation has provided him not only with many of his general ideas but also with his method of reasoning with them. His skill at dialectical thinking is mainly responsible for the clarity and flexibility with which he deals with the literature of crisis. It allows him to control abstract and essentially fluid ideas within a tight logical framework and, at the same time, give them sufficient play to capture the distinctions and nuances that make for accuracy and depth of characterization. His essay on Céline, for example, is a stunning example of dialectical steadiness and agility. He begins by sorting out the principal contradictions that make up the temperament of the classical underground man and measures his general import in signifying "the end of the belief that the human being can be understood . . . as a unique ensemble of traits [rather than] as a history of experiences that are often impenetrable and gratuitous." Noting the progressive deterioration of the type from Dostoevski's "whole man"—analyzing as well as suffering the burdens of consciousness—to the legion of modern nauseasts, Howe takes Céline as the most complete example of revulsion from the world and the self. He then reasons his way to the core of Céline's major work by shuttling between the opposing elements that produce its distinctive character of "exuberant disgust," while relating them to themes and style. Eventually Howe arrives at the fundamental intuition that it is Céline's compulsive but powerful preoccupation with his own "biological ignominy" that both provides the energy of his disgust and sharply limits its satirical range. Capping this long display of dialectical prowess, Howe concludes: "the nausea that makes him recoil from experience is linked to the comedy that makes him relish the experience of recoil—beyond that he cannot go." Having reached both the source and dead end of Céline's savage burlesque, Howe then sets up the final link of the chain: the resolution of Céline's impasse that Trotsky had suggested would lie in his choice between "an aversion to the lie" and "a disbelief in the truth."

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Much less tendentious about "the truth" than Trotsky was, Howe restates the prediction in terms of the decisive inferiority of Céline's intellect to his imagination that inevitably led to an attrition of his powers and negotiated the eventual transaction between his nihilism and fascism. "Unable to transcend the foulness which was his authentic and entirely legitimate subject, he made 'his peace with the darkness.' And not he alone."

I HAVE paused over this one essay not only because it points up Howe's ability to zero in on a subject with an orderliness and precision of thought that is by no means usual in literary criticism, but also because it serves as a partial paradigm of the politico-ethical bias that underlies and charges his method. For the imagination of "extreme situations and radical solutions" is, to some extent, the source as well as the object of his work. In his short essay on Norman Mailer, Howe speaks of the bland, insulated circumstances in which most cultivated Americans increasingly live, with a "minimum of courage or failure, test or transcendence," and, in an unusual personal aside, he testifies to the disorientation and dismay of "those of us raised, or ruined, by the ethic of striving, dissatisfaction, and renewal." The formulation suggests the emotional core of Howe's perspective: the dialectic both of immigrant Jewish aspiration in which he grew up and of the Trotskyist ethos in which he came of age. Similarly, he characterizes the climate of contemporary socialism as one of "crisis, doubt, and reconsideration." Conditioned by these climates, he writes as a man who has become habituated to the collision of one's best hopes with the recalcitrance and betrayal of the world. In almost every one of the essays in *A World More Attractive,* the underlying focus of description and judgment is fixed upon the drama of the individual writer—whether T. E. Lawrence or Edith Wharton or George Gissing—struggling to wrest from the disorder of the times and disarray of his own convictions some brave principle of transcendance, or failing that, of moral realism, in which to lodge the freedom of his spirit. In two of his most recent essays, those on T. E. Lawrence and Edith Wharton, the pressure of Howe's own stake in this ethic seems to break through the usual restraints of his rationalism and provides a new feeling of personal attachment to it. Here is Howe at his very best, a literary socialist stirred to eloquence by the spectacle of another "writer struggling with a vision he can neither realize nor abandon." Too often in his other essays, he tends to take the theme of crisis for granted, so habituated has he become to it, and writes too patly and imperturbably about what were, after all, matters of spiritual life and death to his subjects.

This, then, is one side of the relation between Howe's literary and political purposes. The other side is his effort to provide imagination and complexity to socialist doctrine. For example, his essay, with Lewis A. Coser, on "Images of Socialism" makes use of his literary grasp of the algebra of conflict and renewal to provide a more dynamic and visionary concept of socialist ends than that of the highly centralized and spiritless pig-heaven which is already in the process of being realized by the post-capitalist mass society. To provide motive for the doctrine, Howe and Coser attempt to re-argue the relevance of socialism in terms of providing opportunities for social striving, tension, and productive conflict. Along with Richard Crossman, they affirm that the aim of socialism is "not the pursuit of happiness but the enlargement of freedom."

Thus, the theme of effortful aspiration and conflict in Howe's literary approach joins to his faith in a hard-headed utopianism of liberating social struggle. In the main he has been attempting to introduce something of the literary imagination of the modern world into socialism in order to rescue it from the "functional rationalism" of its dream of collective security, which, whatever its sources of human misery and hopelessness in the 19th century, grows more and more dispiriting, if not ominous, in the shadow of 20th-century technology and bureaucracy.

TO MY MIND, the body of Howe's work collected here would have been better titled "The Socialist Imagination." The phrase, of course, recalls a famous collection of essays from the last decade on literature and society. A comparison between Irving Howe and Lionel Trilling is not likely to endear one to either party; nor would it be specifically fruitful except in pursuing characteristic differences in their respective critical positions and temperaments. However, it is not too much to say that both men have been involved in the similar enterprise of being teachers of their tribes of liberals and socialists respectively and that each of them has tried to re-state the nature of his political tradition by emphasizing its original impulse to human liberty and recalling it, in Trilling's phrase, from "the impulse to organization." Thus their common emphasis falls, to quote Trilling again, upon "variousness and possibility, complexity and difficulty." The last term, perhaps, is one about which contemporary socialists need no further education. In essence, though, Howe's new "image" of socialism is as committed to the possibilities and burdens of freedom as is Trilling's critique of American liberalism, and it is dependent in much the same way on literature as "the human activity that takes the fullest and most precise account of variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty."

But if the main motive in Howe's work is to

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enlarge and quicken the socialist imagination along these lines, then his recent discussion of Baldwin and Ellison is particularly misbegotten. Speaking at the time—and, I suspect, under the spell—of the first unmistakable evidence of a civil rights revolution, Howe accuses the early Baldwin and Ellison of having written from the conformist ideology of the 50's rather than from their experience of "plight and protest" as Negroes. The operative term for the essay itself is "protest." The "jug," as Ellison subsequently put it, into which Howe was trying to force him was not so much his Negro identity as such as it was the imperative of "extreme situations and radical solutions"—that is to say, of militancy. Certain serious weaknesses of vision immediately follow wherever Howe's radicalism ceases to be critical. On the literary level, for example, he mistakes the tacit but powerful protest at the end of *Invisible Man* for one of the run-of-the-mill affirmations of the past decade. And on the political level, he battens upon the weaknesses in Baldwin's earlier writing in order to get in another blow at the ideology of conformity, but fails to bear down at all upon the much more relevant and disturbing incoherencies in the ideology of *The Fire Next Time*. Finally, he subverts his own philosophical basis for socialism—and, presumably, for Negro freedom—by prescribing, in effect, the limits of a Negro writer's freedom of consciousness. "What, then, was the experience of a man with a black skin, what *could* it be in this country . . . The 'sociology' of his existence formed a constant pressure on his literary work . . . with a pain and ferocity that nothing could remove." But what, then, was the experience of the Yiddish ghetto writers, one wonders, except usually that of poverty and fear and oppression, of quelled pain and outrage—and of the saving dignity of silence and irony. In his essay on Sholem Aleichem, Howe is a long way from suggesting that this great, impassive Yiddish writer was less than fully in touch with his experience.

Howe asserts at another point of attack on Ellison: "As if one could *decide* one's deepest and most authentic response to society!" But such a decision is precisely the one that he himself has made and kept to for many years now in having to regard socialism, in his words, mainly as "a commitment to a value and a problem," or his own efforts as a struggle to "will" its image. Indeed, as I have tried to show, Howe's own value as a literary man as well as a radical derives in good part from his keeping independent faith—through a period of affluence and conformity—with his own "deepest and most authentic response to society."

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LETTER FROM PERU

Norman Gall

> The peasantry itself . . . cannot function independently in the political arena. It is deeply cleft into layers with sharply conflicting economic interests. It is the most numerous, but also the most scattered and backward section of the population. It is localized and limited, economically and psychologically. For these reasons the village has, in China as elsewhere, always been subject to the town. The peasantry has always been at the command of the urban class able to centralize, weld, control, whether in the economic process or in politics. Without the centripetal force of the city, around which the rural economy must inevitably revolve, the peasant is helpless, especially the poorest peasant, the most exploited and nearest to the soil. His own attempts to better his own lot, without the aid of or in defiance of the dominant city class, have almost invariably taken the form of isolated acts of violence without permanent issue.
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> —Harold R. Isaacs,
> *The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution*

TOWARD the end of *Calle Recoleta* in the old Inca capital of Cuzco in southern Peru, there is a whitewashed adobe building with cavernous doorway and sagging balcony, where Indians wait in the shadows outside the office of the Peasants' Federation of Cuzco. Late at night the balcony is packed with emaciated beings wrapped in worn and dusty ponchos, shod in sandals cut from old rubber tires. Some chew slowly on coca leaves and dehydrated potatoes; now and then a derby-hatted woman stirs from her sleep, unwraps an infant from her shawl to give it the breast. Little other noise or movement issues from the mass of stinking bodies parked on the balcony. Some dazed, frightened eyes stare into the dimly lit office of the peasant federation. It is hard to believe that these Indians are capable of revolution, that this building in this tired city of ancient stone, from which the Incas ruled half a continent, is the seat of a major Communist-led offensive which is pushing Peru toward a terrible confrontation with the cruelties of her past.

On the other side of the balcony is the office of the Cuzco Workers' Federation. Inside, Ernesto Quispeledesma, one of the young lawyers serving as "juridical advisers" to the *sindicato* is listening to three Indian peons who just walked twelve hours from a hacienda near the town of Urcos. Beneath a poster announcing a world youth meeting in Prague, a university student is writing a receipt for monthly payments (between twenty cents and two dollars per family) from a *personero* (headman) of another community. The news from Urcos is that eight peasants have been

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killed and twenty wounded at the Hacienda Ninabamba; there was a fight with the *hacendado* (planter), who had a machine gun and rifles in his house. "That is a new *sindicato* of ours," Quispeledesma told me. "We don't know what happened yet. I am going there tomorrow to find out."

The Hacienda Ninabamba is a small plantation of rich pampa lowland in the valley of the Vilcanota River. The owner, Miguel Luna, is in the class of large landholders forming a little over 1 per cent of Peru's farmers and owning over 62 per cent of its land. The hacienda system of agriculture has never been very productive in the Peruvian sierra and is now in a visible state of decline. Some of the *hacendados* have already abandoned their holdings to the Indians, and the average planter's dwelling resembles a run-down American Southern farmhouse of the turn of the century, with its home-made furniture, discolored wallpaper, and ancient photographs of stiffly posed ancestors. Many of the manorial families are represented now by only an aged couple and a few servants who look after their needs, their children having left to become merchants or government officials in Lima or Cuzco.

In the weeks before the clash at Ninabamba the peasants refused to do any work for the plantation and insisted on their right to the land they were farming; Miguel Luna, along with other *hacendados,* began arming to defend his property. Then an agitator named Cesar Galdos, cousin of the famous Trotskyite peasant leader Hugo Blanco, appeared on the farm, and leaflets of the Castro-sponsored *Movimiento de la Izquierda Revolucionaria* (MIR) were later found there. With the arrival of Galdos, the Indians demonstrated in front of the main house, declaring they would soon take over the land. On Christmas afternoon Luna's twenty-five-year-old son, educated at a Paris boarding school, got into a fight with two Indian youths and shot one of them in the foot with a pistol. The youths returned that night with several hundred Indians who assaulted the hacienda with clubs, crude farm implements, slingshots, sharpened wood poles, and a few knives. Luna, his son, and a friend opened fire with a light machine gun and rifles, and the Indians fled with terrified screams from the garden of the *hacendado*'s house, leaving behind some thirty casualties.

Lucio Quispe, twenty-nine, is a survivor of the massacre. A limp felt hat falls to his ears, framing the tension of his broad mouth and his small, moist eyes, shining with terror and injury. A brown poncho with faded red stripes covers his shoulders. His legs are bare beneath his knees, save for the rubber-tire sandals. *"Buenas tardes,"* he says, bowing timorously: this is virtually the only Spanish he knows. On his shoulder he carries a *chaquitaclla,* a digging stick with a footrest and an iron blade, with which he plows and cultivates his half-acre plot, while his young wife follows behind breaking the clods into small pieces with her hands. "We joined the *sindicato* to better our conditions," Lucio Quispe tells me in so many words. "Before we organized last March we had to work 150 days a year for the right to farm our land. We were paid a sol and a half [six cents] a day for our work. After we joined the *sindicato* our pay was raised to five and a half sols [twenty-two cents]." He lives in a crumbling, windowless adobe house, with a ladder leading to an upper room where he stores his corn. His family of four exists on a diet of potatoes and corn. To keep him warm on winter days in the field, where the temperature often drops to twenty degrees below zero, he drinks *aguardiente,* a sugar-based brew strong enough to light a kerosene stove. To forget his hunger and his troubles he chews coca leaf and a lime ball to produce cocaine as well as a gastric secretion to ease his hunger. "We don't know what to do with the Indians," said Julio Luna, brother of the Ninabamba *hacendado* and president of the *Sociedad Agropecuaria de Cuzco.* "They are animals. These Indians are good for nothing, not even for eating."

THE DEGRADATION of the six million Quechua Indians, half of Peru's population, has passed through several stages. The Inca nobility governed them despotically but nevertheless alloted them enough fertile land, kept enough grain in reserve, and were humane enough as masters to maintain the Quechua population. During the two hundred years of Spanish rule that followed, Quechua numbers were to diminish by half. With the Spaniards came the *encomenderos,* the noblemen who were granted the labor of an Indian community in return for administering its land, and later the *corregidores,* minor judicial officials assigned to defend Indian legal rights. Many of the *encomenderos* and *corregidores* merely seized the Indian communal lands they were supposed to protect and sold the inhabitants into slave labor in the mines. The republican period (1824 to the present) freed the growing *mestizo* (half-breed) class from royal restrictions and they in turn seized whatever fertile Indian land they could get their hands on. Many Quechua communities were eventually driven from the river valleys to the mountain sides where the first Communist organizers found them about a decade ago.

Because of the continual stealing of Indian land through a variety of legal malpractices, the corruption of the traditional Spanish legal system, based on a civil code rather than precedent and trial by jury, reached an extreme in Peru. During the colonial period, according to anthropologist George Kubler, "The Indians were constantly wandering back and forth between the *repartimiento* [reservation] and the seat of their *Audiencia* [regional court] to secure legal papers usually worthless, for which they were heavily

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charged by the swarms of parasite solicitors and scriveners who made their living in the Spanish cities from this occupation." Barratry among the Indians continues to thrive in Peru. As in colonial times, many of these lawsuits never reach trial because the judge or the lawyer or both wind up in the planter's pocket.

So far as local government is concerned, it is a matter of a few prominent families dividing up the jobs among their retainers. Last December Peru held its first municipal elections in forty years. Of 1,500 district (county) capitals, 1,200 lack aqueduct and sewage facilities and 725 lack roads to the outside world. The local judge, like the *corregidor* before him, is so badly paid that the judicial process has come to resemble an auction. And even with the new municipal elections, the Indians, who make up 95 per cent of the Sierra countryside, cannot elect officials of their own because the literacy requirement prevents them from voting.

"When we go into town to see the mayor or the judge, we must wait for hours," said Horacio Quispe, the sixty-year-old head of the community of Acna. "We are told to clean the floors and toilets of the city hall and the priest's house and the stables behind them. Then we are told to go back to our village and come back the next day with lambs and pigs to offer as gifts. Then they will hear our case." The community of Acna, 12,000 feet high, is a confusion of stony patches of about a half-acre each, farmed at a sixty-degree incline for corn and onions and potatoes. In more fertile parts of the sierra, a peasant's holding often consists of one or two furrows.

The land hunger in the sierra, as well as the poverty, are comparable to the worst in Asia. Because of the extensive mountains, deserts, and jungles, only 1.2 per cent of Peru is under cultivation, with 62 per cent of the population farming it. Only 0.44 acres per capita are under cultivation in Peru, compared with 0.79 in India and 0.42 in China.

THE formation of peasant *sindicatos* in the Andes dates back to 1952, when the Argentine buyers of the Hacienda Lauramarca decided to oust the 6,000 Indians living there and hire laborers in their place. Communist leaders organized a peasant union for defense of the land and stopped the eviction. Despite this, however, the Communist party in Cuzco remained a preserve of intellectuals allied with the small Workers' Federation and lacking any substantial following among the Quechua-speaking Indian masses. In fact, many of the Communists owned haciendas themselves, sent their children to Roman Catholic schools, and, as lawyers, built lucrative practices defending other planters in the courts. It has been the younger generation of revolutionary leaders, who, since the mid-1950's, have developed the peasant federation movement—a feat that seems the more remarkable when one considers the immense cultural as well as physical boundaries which have kept these communities apart from the rest of the nation. If the older Communists still give strategic advice to the peasant movement, it is the young, Quechua-speaking lawyers and field organizers who, night after night, make their way on foot and horseback over treacherous mountain paths and the great expanses of the *altiplano* to isolated haciendas and Indian villages. Several such difficult journeys are necessary to break down the intense distrust of an Indian village toward outsiders, and several more to convince it that free land can be obtained merely by forceful demands. Many of the organizers themselves were born in Indian communities and are recent converts to *mestizo* culture. Some have been trained in Russia and Cuba and function as professional, subsidized agitators. They remain in close touch with the two hundred peasant unions belonging to the Cuzco federation through a system of couriers, who will walk one or two whole days from their community to bring an item of news to the *Calle Recoleta* headquarters. These Peruvian *sindicatos* now have an estimated membership of 250,000 made up of hacienda peons and members of isolated mountain communities. They were responsible for some one hundred and fifty hacienda invasions in 1963 and twenty-five more in the first months of 1964. At least seventy-one people have died in the fighting.

The Peruvian sierra has its romantic *Fidelista* hero in Hugo Blanco, a twenty-nine-year-old agronomist who became a Trotskyite after studying at Argentina's Universidad de la Plata. In La Convencion Valley, Blanco and a few friends have developed Peru's most troublesome peasant federation. The valley is little more than a thickly forested ravine until it spreads out beyond the hamlet of Quillabamba—eighty miles from Cuzco—to merge hundreds of miles away with the great jungle forming Peru's indistinct frontier with Brazil. These fertile lands were grazed by cattle until the 1930's when an epidemic wiped out most of the cows and peasants, forcing the *hacendados* to switch to cash crops and to rent their land to tenants or *arrendires*. To get the land into production, the landlords obligated the *arrendires* to more labor than they could possibly provide, with the result that the *arrendires* sublet part of their lands to indentured peons, or *allegados*, who in turn might subdivide the land two or three times after that. All of which produced a grotesque confusion of land tenure, with the kulak-like *arrendires* exploiting the sub-tenants and strengthening their holdings through equity in capital improvements such as irrigation and coffee planting. Since 1958, with the assistance of Cuzco University students subsidized by the Communist-led Cuzco University Federation, Blanco's federation mobilized the *allegados* against the *hacendados*

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and *arrendires* and persuaded them to refuse to do their contracted work.

More violent tactics were not long in coming. On Christmas Day, 1962, a band of about two hundred peasants disarmed two policemen at Chaullay, near Quillabamba, and that night clashed with police reinforcements at Chaullay Bridge. Using machine guns the police killed thirty of the peasants. Meanwhile, three policemen were killed in two other attacks and Blanco was formally charged with their deaths.

AFTER THESE incidents, Blanco and his companions withdrew deeper into the valley, his so-called guerrilla operations really a desperate flight from the police and army troops who were pouring into the area. He was finally captured last May in La Convencion Valley, and since then he has been in jail in the south coast city of Arequipa where, police say, he sees visitors, issues manifestoes, and directs key activities of his Revolutionary Workers' Party. In December he went on a hunger strike, and 5,000 of his followers marched on Cuzco, enforcing a general strike and destroying a bridge, telegraph lines, and train rails. Nevertheless, the government refuses either to try or to free him.

After Blanco's capture, the military junta, which had nullified the 1962 elections by a coup d'état, initiated a program of agrarian reform on two plantations in La Convencion Valley. On one hacienda, some 3,800 acres (for which the owner received $10,000) were distributed among 260 peasants. The plots consisted of eroded hillsides that might produce one crop every three or four years; the good pampa land, reserved for sugar cane, remained in the owner's possession and was farmed by hired labor from outside the valley. The *sindicato* leaders urged the peasants to refuse to pay for the land under the low-price, long-term plan of the government. Those who insisted on buying were taken from their homes, dressed up as women, and dragged through the streets of Quillabamba.

Revolutionary activity in the sierra is still limited by such primitive means of coercion and will remain a political rather than a military problem until the Indians get modern weapons. But this may happen sooner than expected. Last May, seven Peruvian youths, all sons of middle- or upper-class families, were killed or captured crossing the border from Bolivia. The police announced that they had been trained at Che Guevara's guerrilla warfare school in Minas del Frio, Cuba, and were carrying arms and money to assist Hugo Blanco. Some eighteen months earlier a Varig airliner, carrying a group of Cuban officials, had crashed en route to La Paz, Bolivia. A packet of documents found at the crash reportedly contained plans for revolutionary activities in the sierra to be carried out from the Cuban embassy in La Paz. Peru had already broken diplomatic relations with Havana in December 1960, following the discovery of records in the Lima embassy of payments to Peruvians to finance Communist activity and to provide favorable publicity for the Cuban Revolution. Luis de la Puente Uceda, head of the Castro-supported Movement of the Revolutionary Left, is reliably reported to have received at least $70,000 for trips to Cuba.

If Cuba is indeed supplying military assistance, the weapons have not appeared in the sierra—though police claim to have discovered several stores of them in the coastal cities. Some observers are convinced that Cuban weapons will not be used as long as the new government of Fernando Belaunde Terry remains in power. For Belaunde, a devout Catholic who is also allied with the small Christian Democratic party of Lima intellectuals, won the Presidency with Communist support in 1963, and he still depends on that support today.

THE IMMEDIATE political danger posed by the Quechua uprising in Peru is that of a military coup which would again frustrate the movement to establish constitutional democracy in Peru. This movement is already split, largely because of bitter enmity between Belaunde and Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, though it should be said that Bellaunde's hatred of Haya's American Popular Revolutionary Alliance (APRA) is shared by almost everyone else in Peruvian politics. It is this animosity which has led Belaunde—whose own Accion Popular Party is too small, amorphous, and *personalista* to run a strong national campaign—to accept the support of the disciplined Communist machine, just as, on the other side, it has led Haya to form an alliance with the oligarchical party of ex-dictator Manuel Odria, whose regime was responsible for the death and imprisonment of many *Apristas*. In last December's municipal elections, in which APRA was badly beaten, Peruvian voters were treated to the extraordinary spectacle of Odria's wife running as APRA candidate for mayor of Lima.

Thus the two main democratic factions are dependent on extremists of the left and right respectively and can agree on very little. (Rival proposals for agrarian reform legislation, for example, have been stalled for months in the Congress, which is controlled by the APRA-Odria coalition.) Following the Ninabamba slaughter, the APRA-Odria coalition voted a Congressional censure of the Belaunde cabinet for failing to take action against the Communists. In February Belaunde finally declared martial law in Cuzco Department after eight thousand Indians invaded haciendas near the railroad town of Sicuani, and nineteen peasants were killed. If the disorders continue, as they probably will, the "soft on Communism" refrain is likely to produce another military coup in Peru. Short of a counter-coup uniting the peasants, their cousins in the slums of the coastal cities, the Communists, the progressive or "Nasserist" elements in the armed forces, and the Lima middle classes—all

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of whom support Belaunde—another military dictatorship would leave Peru that much more exposed to the tide of revolution that is slowly rising in the countryside.

Meanwhile, the Peruvian oligarchy bides its time behind the scenes. It continues to maintain its stranglehold upon the economy, as evidenced by the fact that one-tenth of 1 per cent of the population still earns 20 per cent of the national income. (Fifty-six per cent of the population earns less than $4.50 a month.) The main instrument of the oligarchy's economic power is the banking system: five banks owned by a few families control three-fourths of Peru's commercial credit, roughly the same proportion of which goes to borrowers in the Lima area. Other domains of the Peruvian oligarchy, sometimes shared with U.S. corporations, are large-scale commercial agriculture, mining, cement and other construction materials, as well as the booming Lima real-estate market. The political power of these families has been demonstrated many times in the past. Their favored method is to create an artificial credit and food scarcity and then bribe a few generals to carry out a military coup. With the growth of a "Nasserist" spirit in the armed forces and of a substantial middle class in Lima, one of the big questions in Peruvian politics today is whether the oligarchy still has enough power to overthrow Belaunde's regime.

U.S. policy is caught between the peasants' claims to elementary justice and the Peruvian oligarchy's strong connections in American business and political circles. Since the 1952 revolution, the United States has paid more than $250 million to contain the threat of increasing Communist power in Bolivia and each year provides roughly one-third of Bolivia's annual budget. No such contribution has been made to Peru, which has had no revolution. So far the Alliance for Progress in the sierra, apart from the work of one hundred fifty Peace Corps volunteers, has been limited to the Food for Peace plan and to programs of road-building and technical aid to large cattle breeders, none of which can be said to have strengthened the government's position against the oligarchy.

In a recent interview Belaunde said that "we have made many requests for funds from the United States for loans to support our programs, but there are many studies and reports and discussions and, so far, very little real help." Belaunde's main proposal is for a three hundred million dollar "marginal highway" on the eastern slopes of the Andes, running through Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. The highway is designed to give these countries a ground route to the east coast cities of Brazil and Argentina and to open up the *selva* or jungle area for colonization. According to Belaunde, "the only real agrarian reform possible in Peru must be carried out in the *selva,* east of the Andes, where there is much rich land. Elsewhere, there is practically none."

Meanwhile, the U.S. apparently has shelved Belaunde's very modest request for a $10 million loan to buy *"picos y palas"* (picks and shovels) to equip one-hundred-forty-four tool-lending centers in the sierra. Indian agricultural tools are so primitive that the introduction of iron implements in sufficient quantity could by itself initiate a technological revolution in the sierra. According to Belaunde, the Export-Import Bank agreed to finance the purchase of road-building machinery, but not of agricultural tools which could be lost or stolen and did not constitute a good risk. On the other hand, the Peruvian government with its overstaffed, low-paid, underskilled, and often corrupt bureaucracy, has still to inspire confidence in its capacities, especially in view of the fact that it proposes to carry out fundamental social reforms while working a twenty-eight-hour week with two months' annual leave.

"Picos y palas" is an integral part of Belaunde's attempt to develop Peru through community work programs. "More than half of the populated parts of our national territory remain inaccessible," Belaunde wrote shortly before his 1963 election. "For this reason we think it necessary to turn our eyes to the towns and villages themselves. We must revive the unextinguished flame of the communal spirit, which continues bearing unexpected fruits in the heights of the Andes and the plains of the *selva*. We must promote this voluntary work, which is the way of humble and patriotic people, lacking money, of paying their tributary portion to the nation."

Invoking the communal traditions of the Inca empire, Belaunde's program may be all too romantic, but it is not much more so than the Alliance for Progress itself. At present the large U.S. aid mission in Peru, like many others in Latin America, is bizarrely overstaffed in its comfortable Lima office and understaffed in the field. In Lima AID occupies several floors of a large office building, while it only has two representatives in the desperately backward Department of Cuzco. Thus, the Alliance for Progress both imitates and encourages the traditional overcentralization of Latin American governments. This is one of the reasons why the Alliance has had a very limited effect in Peru, and would have had practically none at all but for the four-hundred-and-fifty Peace Corps volunteers who work in the slums and countryside.

To be sure, the situation in the Peruvian sierra is so explosive that the mere presence of a *gringo* at the scene of a strike or demonstration can be an incitement to violence; consequently, American field personnel have frequently been withdrawn when an eruption has occurred in the sierra. However, Peru has entered a period in which the politics of extreme poverty—of insurrection with nothing to lose but miserable lives—are in the ascendancy. Electoral democracy, having fared so

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badly at the hands of the army and oligarchy, is in the Belaunde regime undergoing its final test as a viable political system for Peru.

The Andean highlands of southern Peru and Bolivia form a single geopolitical unit where ten million people live in extreme poverty with few economic and social relations with the outside world. However, these relations are increasing with the penetrations of modern technology as well as of political currents such as the Alliance for Progress and the militant inspiration of the Communist-led peasant federations. Twelve years ago Bolivia had her peasant revolution, which brought little improvement. Peru, less purely Indian, appears to be in for a longer and less decisive class struggle carried on amid the tensions of a 3.4 per cent annual rise in population and a historic national incapacity for political cooperation. Confronted by such realities as these, the Alliance policy of sowing social reform and political democracy has begun to founder, and the Johnson administration is backing away from President Kennedy's missionary commitment to the development of Latin America. But the problems of revolution and repression in Latin America, and of creating new markets for our mushrooming productive capacity, do not diminish because our initial solutions have not borne fruit. Nor can they be resolved by cutting back foreign aid and reverting to our hemispheric policies of the Republican 1920's and the Truman-Eisenhower postwar period. The United States has been irrevocably cast in the role of an international institution responsible in a great measure for the stability and progress of this hemisphere. We cannot pretend to remain merely a nation among the nations of America while our power and interests lie deeply embedded in the life of every republic and Latin America continues its deterioration into a continental slum. Not only in Peru, but increasingly throughout Hispanic America, the seedbearers of revolution from the towns continue to sow the whirlwind in the countryside. The rapid organization of the Quechua Indians is merely one striking example of another "alliance for progress" in the Americas against which our own schemes for the guidance of history must either contend or risk being violently swept aside.

NORMAN GALL *is a reporter on the San Juan* Star. *This is his first appearance in* COMMENTARY.

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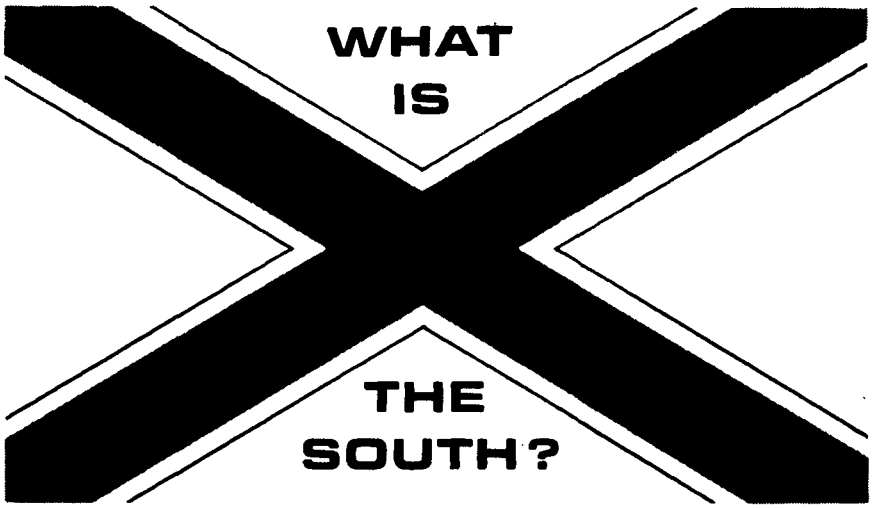

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LIBERALISM & THE ECONOMY

THE MYTHMAKERS. By BERNARD NOSSITER. *Houghton Mifflin. 244 pages. $4.00.*

Reviewed by ROBERT LEKACHMAN

BERNARD NOSSITER'S fine book exemplifies both the virtues and the limitation of the new mood of liberal economic thought. One of these virtues is realism. Nossiter's analysis is grounded in the best and most up-to-date research as well as in his own observations as economic reporter for the Washington *Post*. Thus his courteous but devastating critique of the doctrine of countervailing power achieves its effect from the cumulative details, case upon case, of collaboration between parties which are supposed to limit each other's freedom to elicit extortionate gains from the community. In the course of colluding tacitly to raise prices and wages, steel unions and steel managements during the 1950's treated the public to annual or biennial charades of thunderous denunciation, threatened strike, and foregone settlement whose benefits flowed to both the apparent antagonists and whose costs were borne by the general public. Similarly, the regulatory agencies long since have been captured by the industries which they putatively supervise. As Richard Olney perceived a long time ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission has become a cooperative friend of the railroads. The Federal Power Commission has refused to set natural gas prices even though a Supreme Court decision empowered it to do so. According to Nossiter's account, mutually beneficial cooperation rather than countervailance is the custom among unions, government agencies, and the big corporations.

Nossiter also evidences the new liberal skepticism about the social responsibilities of business that are preached in every business school in the land. Adolf Berle, among others, has argued that a corporate conscience, or something approximating one, has been emerging out of the struggle of executives to cope with the diverse demands of customers, suppliers, stockholders, and employees. But do big business officials concern themselves with the public interest, assuming they can identify it? To answer these questions, Nossiter takes up the Kennedy-Blough confrontation of two years ago. His well-documented judgment suggests that Roger Blough violated a promise not to raise steel prices precisely because he wished to put President Kennedy on unmistakable notice that the public interest had nothing to do with the pricing of steel. It was all very well to define wage guideposts which limited union demands, but it would never do to interfere with managerial prerogatives to charge all that the market could bear. Nossiter also inquires about the electrical executives who engaged for so many years in intricate conspiracies designed to maintain prices, rotate bids on public contracts, and share markets; he finds that old-fashioned greed explains their behavior much more readily than does any evolving concern for the public interest.

In keeping with his emphasis upon the probative fact and the exemplary case, Nossiter is seldom deceived by contemporary catchwords. Although it is unlikely that sensible people still believe that the Kennedy administration was really hostile to business, Nossiter provides a clinching demonstration of the otherwise eerie parallelism between the tax, trade, and spending notions advocated by business groups and the Kennedy legislative proposals. The liberalization of depreciation allowances, the investment tax credit, the willing jettisoning of tax reform, the curtailment of public works and welfare expenditure, and the more recent reductions in corporate income taxes and the top rates on personal income, all conformed to corporate prescription and to its principal conviction that profit stimulates investment and investment stimulates employment. If the public was led to accept the anti-business image of the Kennedy administration, it was partly because business groups and the media sympathetic to them hate the appearance of alliance with Democrats and partly because businessmen quickly discovered that if they pushed hard, the administration readily gave in.

In short, Nossiter's America is the real thing. It is a country in which "liberal" Democratic administrations enact pro-business tax and trade programs while the major beneficiaries grumble; a country in which the chairman of the government's Business Advisory Council is also Chairman of the Board of a company just convicted of price-rigging; a country whose business leaders prate tediously and publicly of free competition and succeed privately in ordering their environment comfortably and collusively; a country in which liberal Congressmen favor 50,000 units of public housing each year and their conservative colleagues insist on only 25,000 (as though the difference mattered); a country which includes both General Motors (annual sales in a good year larger than the national income of Yugoslavia) and a submerged 20-30 per cent of the population who live in a state of physical—and psychic—deprivation which cuts them off from the rest of the society. It is also a land in which countervailance to the power of the great corporation is weak, unions raid each other in preference to signing up new members, government officials know more about economic reality than they dare say, and the drive to reduce income inequality halted two decades ago. Even though the version of these realities in *The Mythmakers* is not in itself original and the promise of the title is not delivered, Nossiter's considerable

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skills as reporter, analyst, and writer impart vividness and conviction to his critique.

ALL RIGHT, then, I am grateful. But the deficiencies of Nossiter's approach and of liberal economic writing in general are as obvious as their virtues. After the critic has carefully scanned the flawed social scene and made his report, where does he wish to lead us? What are the politics of desirable change? How does the spokesman for the new consensus of liberal realism transform his insights into a program for social action? What is lacking is the indispensable complement to Nossiter's grasp of the structure of economic action—an equally detailed and acute conception of the varieties of actions and pressures which might improve the quality of our society.

Nowhere is this shortcoming more striking than in Nossiter's handling of economic planning. He is an enthusiast of France's "indicative planning" which appears to have facilitated the remarkable expansion of its economy since the end of the Second World War. The French style of planning begins with the technocrats, the government economists and statisticians who construct five year blueprints based upon plausible assumptions about labor force growth and productivity improvement. Total output for the economy is then broken down in various ways, between consumption and investment, by industry, and between public and private production. Growth targets for each sector are formulated. The next stage of the planning process involves examination of these detailed projections by all the major interests: bureaucrats, unions, industry, farmers, and even consumer representatives. Errors of optimism or pessimism, inconsistencies, and possible bottlenecks are detected and a corrected model of economic growth is constructed. Finally, the corrected model is reviewed by the Cabinet and enacted by the legislature. The plan then functions by a combination of voluntary efforts by businessmen to meet the targets and active intervention by government at any sign that the private sector is falling short of the national goals.

But in suggesting—with proper qualifications—that this set of arrangements might very well work in the United States, Nossiter for once mitigates his realism. Why, after all, has French planning succeeded? A part of the answer is simply timing. All of Western Europe has been passing through a phase of durable consumer goods production and high mass consumption whose analogue is the American automobile boom of the 1920's. In addition, the Common Market has created new pressures for efficiency and new outlets for exports. For the rest, the success of French planning derives from characteristics of French economic organization and French politics which Nossiter would be among the last to transplant willingly to the United States. State-owned enterprises, including the Renault works, are far more important in France than in the United States. In the progressive sectors of the French economy, cartelization and concentration of power are still more evident than in the United States and no French set of anti-trust laws impedes business collusion. French unions are fragmented, and the consumer voice is seldom heeded. De Gaulle's word is as uncontradicted in economic policy as in foreign affairs. No wonder that planning is both possible and effective. No doubt the French consumer has enjoyed a rising standard of life, but the bulk of economic gain has flowed to the French entrepreneurial class. It remains to be seen how well these techniques will work when the boom slows and rapid growth ceases to soften questions of equity in the distribution of the national product.

I think it quite possible that in the next decade or so, a somewhat more sophisticated generation of American business leaders will also welcome some form of indicative planning. But I have not the slightest doubt that when they do so, the consequences will be greater protection and benefit for the business community and no perceptible alleviation of the poverty, unemployment, and maldistribution of income which now afflict the economy. More and more I am convinced that liberals know enough about how to improve the economy and much too little about the politics of this improvement, particularly the election of a Congress more sensitive to the interests of constituencies wider than American business. Nossiter's analysis, within its own terms of reference, is first-rate, but it is only half, and the easier half at that, of a contemporary program for a decent American economy.

ASSIMILATING THE LAW

THE RISE OF REFORM JUDAISM: A SOURCEBOOK OF ITS EUROPEAN ORIGINS. By W. GUNTHER PLAUT. *World Union for Progressive Judaism, Ltd. 288 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by MARVIN FOX

THIS VALUABLE collection of source materials is designed to acquaint the reader with the primary forces in the development of Reform Judaism in Europe. From a wide range of essays, articles, speeches, and other writings, Dr. Plaut judiciously selects those that best represent the thinking of the leaders as well as of the lesser, more obscure figures of the Reform movement. The book begins with excerpts from Moses Mendelssohn and Naphtali Herz Wessely, who are viewed as precursors of the movement, and ends with documents from the latter part of the 19th century (except for incidental references, it does not deal with Reform Judaism in America). Wisely, Dr. Plaut keeps his own notes and comments to a minimum, allowing the documents, whenever possible, to speak for themselves. The result is a coherent picture of the issues and controversies out of which Reform Judaism was born and through which it developed.

The most striking aspect of this picture is the almost complete absence of any serious concern for theology. Revelation is for the most part taken for granted, as is the existence of God, and questions of speculative theology are more or less left at that. Judging from the present collection, at least, Reform Judaism did not arise in response to widespread religious skepticism nor did it seek

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to reconcile the Jewish tradition with the intellectual standards of the secular Enlightenment. Instead, it was mainly concerned with such matters as ritual observance, forms of worship, organization of the synagogue and community, and so forth. The great pronouncements that came out of the major conferences and synods were not revised creeds or articles of faith, but proposals for revisions of Jewish religious practice. In this respect the situation among European Jews during the 19th century closely resembles that of contemporary American Jews.

We also learn from these documents that, contrary to widespread opinion, Reform Judaism in Europe was not motivated primarily by a desire for assimilation. There were, to be sure, a few ardent assimilationists associated with the movement, but according to Dr. Plaut, they were a distinct minority; most of these early Reformers were consistently motivated by their identity as Jews and saw themselves as struggling to stem the tide of assimilation and escapism. Their reforms were intended to restore the advanced intellectuals to Judaism and the Jewish community. Moritz Stern wrote in 1843 to Gabriel Risser:

> I am concerned that Judaism will come to a deplorable end if, as up to now, we remain as spectators, witnessing the decay of its religious conditions. . . . I am afraid that the more intelligent group, disgusted with extinct, oppressive rites, will be unable to resist the luring voices of Christianity for long. I feel that it is our duty to counteract this. . . . This is the core of our reformatory efforts.

YET FOR ALL their concern with saving Jews from assimilation there is a good deal of ambiguity about Christianity among the early Reformers. On the one hand, we find Leopold Stein, in 1872, rejecting Christianity as "a large step backward" to "an outdated viewpoint," and asserting that "Judaism has the right and the obligation to reject as false the new concepts of the Christian teaching. . . . ." But on the other hand, there is Sigismund Stern, one of the most radical of the Reformers, maintaining that it was essential for Judaism to recognize "Christianity as a religion which has its necessary and historically valid existence outside of Judaism . . . . Christianity is not an apostasy from original Judaism, but rather a development. . . ." (Similar sentiments have recently been echoed by some contemporary leaders of Reform Judaism, sentiments which must now, as then, lead inevitably, I believe, to the loss of Jewish identity. East European Bundists may have rejected Jewish religion and Jewish nationhood, but they never took the penultimate step in Jewish self-destruction of flirting openly with Christianity, as did these spokesmen for Jewish religion.) But in general the anti-assimilationist tendency of early Reform Judaism expressed the desire to remain part of, and faithful to, Jewish tradition.

According to Dr. Plaut, "Reform had its greatest problem when it dealt with the nature of *halakhah*, the binding nature of law and tradition," a problem that is very evident in the documents he has collected. On the one hand, there is a desire to find legal grounds for proposed changes in the patterns of worship and religious practice; on the other, an unwillingness to submit to the prescriptions of rabbinic law. The struggle was not primarily between two different groups, the one urging a stricter, and the other a more lenient, interpretation of the law, but rather part of the general difficulty of finding a formula which would make it possible to recognize the authority of the law while leaving room for adjustments that seemed to be demanded by social and economic changes. Thus, attempts were made to differentiate between the superior authority of Biblical laws and the inferior claim of laws that were post-Biblical, or to determine the precise degree of authority of the various types of Talmudic law. None of these adjudications was fully consistent and none was ever completely successful, for in the end the Reformers were motivated less by the desire to learn what the law required, than by the need to find "legal" justification for what was felt to be a practical necessity.

The dilemma of wanting to make halakhic norms both binding and not binding at the same time produced a deep tension within the Reform movement and no little anguish in the minds of its more reflective members, who were aware that revising the Law, even when it was confined to the most necessary cases, would inevitably undermine the entire legal structure of Jewish tradition. Thus, there is a moving pathos in the thoughts of Rabbi Samuel Adler concerning the Sabbath. After a Talmudic analysis of the prohibition of labor on that day, the future rabbi of Temple Emanu-El in New York is unbending in requiring complete observance, but notes that it is "in severe conflict with the irresistible demands of our time," which require concessions. Adler is willing to make concessions, though he can find no legal grounds for them, if only because "a part of the strict demands of the Sabbath must be sacrificed in order to save the Sabbath itself." However, he recognizes bitterly that "our age will not be served with such concessions . . . . It wants the entire Sabbath open to all manner of business—and that we cannot, that we must never, admit."

INEVITABLY, the force of the Reform position proved stronger than the retrenchments of men like Adler. Once the legal protection of the Sabbath was breached, its demise was assured. As we see today, only where the Law has been kept intact does the ancient Jewish Sabbath still exist. And what is true of the Sabbath is true of the dietary laws, daily prayer, and all the other areas of Jewish observance. Whatever the intentions of the early Reformers, the Law lost out in every conflict with practical life and their revisions of it only contributed to the destruction of what they claimed to hold sacred.

Perhaps it is the recognition of this remorseless logic that explains the renewed concern with the Law in contemporary Reform Judaism. Rabbi Solomon B. Freehof, Chairman of the Responsa Committee of the Central Conference

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of American Rabbis, reports that in the past his committee received an average of ten to twenty questions a year, but during the last decade they have answered over two hundred questions annually. Apparently present-day Reform rabbis, who inherited a religious code from which the last vestiges of the Law had been excised, have begun to feel a need, like their European predecessors of a century ago, to re-establish ties with the normative Jewish tradition. Sadly enough, they also seem to be following the same pattern as the early Reformers, having learned little from their own history. For example, Rabbi Freehof's own responsa which he has recently published,* explicate the Law with a considerable display of rabbinic learning (apart from some incredible lapses of scholarship), but the explication is followed all too often by the proviso that under present social conditions the law in question is not binding.

It might be argued that the issue is of no great importance, since Reform Judaism is primarily concerned with moral excellence rather than with the Law. Indeed, in his introduction, Dr. Plaut stresses this point, explaining that the founders of Reform Judaism saw the Bible "as their primary source of authority; however, their emphasis was not on the *halakhah* of the Torah. They stressed the ethical *mitzvot* of the Prophets." A curious dichotomy, this, between the Torah and the Prophets, between prophetic and rabbinic Judaism, as if the Torah were without ethical prescriptions and the prophets had abandoned the ritual law! Of course, the Torah is replete with ethical *mitzvot*—the last six of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule of Leviticus 19:18, being only among the most familiar examples. And the prophets did not reject or lessen the force of the ritual law, as we are reminded by Isaiah, Ch. 58, where a call to ethical sensitivity is climaxed with a forceful appeal for the observance of the Sabbath.

Any distinction between the claims of ritual and ethical commandments has no basis in the Torah or in rabbinic literature. The passage which contains the Golden Rule contains ritual precepts as well, just as the sublime chapter from Isaiah noted above combines concern for the poor with careful observance of the Sabbath. To separate Jewish observances from morality is to yield, however unintentionally, to a Christian reading of sacred scripture. The logic of such a separation leads either to liberal Christianity or to some neutral form of ethical culture.

TRADITIONAL Judaism taught that the religious dimension encompasses both man's relationship to God and to his fellow man. In their effort to find a viable form of ritual, the early Reformers seem to have clearly understood this teaching; otherwise they would have stressed moral rather than ritual matters. (It is significant that though the present collection of source materials examines matters of ritual observance exhaustively—there are sections on revision of the prayer-book, use of the organ in religious services, the covering of the head, Sabbath observance, circumcision, the dietary laws, etc.—there is no attempt to deal with ethical questions as such. Apparently, early Reform found nothing to alter in the traditional moral ideals and the ethical commandments of Judaism.) However, while the Reformers were carrying on their intense debates over ritual problems, the people were slowly abandoning most religious observance. The final stage of the process was reached by the American version of Reform Judaism which, in the "Pittsburgh Platform" of 1885, declared itself entirely free of the ritual injunctions of the Mosiac Law. "Today we accept as binding only its moral laws, and maintain only such ceremonies as elevate and sanctify our lives, but reject all such as are not adapted to the views and habits of modern civilization." Most of the early European Reformers were aware of the danger in such an approach, one which many contemporary Reform thinkers in America are today struggling to face honestly.

Jewish law is a single unified structure. Orthodoxy has refused in principle to yield any portion of the Law, because it sees it all as divine teaching. Reform has yet to solve the problem which has plagued it from the beginning: how to retain the idea and force of Jewish law, while choosing among individual laws on the basis of principles which stand outside the Law itself.

MERRIE ENGLAND

SPRIGHTLY RUNNING. By JOHN WAIN. *St. Martin's Press. 265 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by ANGUS WILSON

WHEN I READ this slice of Mr. Wain's autobiography in England a while ago, I was overwhelmed by the quite unexpected way in which my own experience and outlook coincided with his. Of an older generation, a somewhat different class, and from an entirely different geographical region (all things that count desperately in England), writing novels quite unlike in tone and invention, I yet found that in many of the basic apprehensions and expectations that my temperament had given me I could have been his twin. His book inevitably excited me. It seemed to me that in it what I had often felt and thought was clearly and sensitively expressed. But standing so unpreparedly close to it, I could not be quite sure that the shock of self-recognition had not temporarily somewhat dislocated my critical judgment. Re-reading *Sprightly Running*, I am certain that I was right. If the chapter on Russia (excellent and justifiable journalism but out of place here) could be removed, and perhaps also the decently reticent, yet too compressed chapter on the failure of his first marriage, then I believe Mr. Wain's book could stand comparison with any British autobiography of the last two decades. It has not the lush evocation of Laurie Lee's autobiography, but is says a great deal more about what England does to a boy with creative gifts; and, going

* See *Recent Reform Responsa*, published by the Hebrew Union College Press and distributed by University Publishers, 244 pp., $6.00.

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beyond the provincial, it is the most completely honest and revealing self-analysis of the pervasively depressed temperament common to all good creative critics that I have read. It would not take much to make it a classic of temperamental confession; perhaps even now the excision of what is only excellent journalism from later editions may give it a deserved survival.

Sprightly Running, if we omit the impressions of the Soviet Union, divides into three parts: childhood and school; Oxford during the last war; on being a free-lance writer in contemporary England. Yet, almost against the grain of this planned composition, Mr. Wain reveals the connective thread of his life. The boy is treated separately from the learned youth, the learned youth from the uncertain, edgy young littérateur, but in essentials the boy becomes the man, the man contains the youth. We are more familiar with this human continuity in the novel where art is at work to underline the organic quality of life. In autobiography as a rule a vivid impressionism fragments the whole, and the only continuity is stated by the author rather than felt by the reader. Mr. Wain (not always to his own advantage in his life) is, however, not only very self-conscious; he also maintains an extraordinary tightrope balance between apprehensive pessimism always toppling at the edge of bitterness and a self-esteem that doggedly defies disappointment and bad luck. This balance between insecurity and conviction of talent has led him in life into an assertiveness which only an ordinary reading between the lines of his book shows to have been a great hindrance to him in human relationships. In his novels, too, I think, a hovering between the loosely picaresque and the too schematized has so far stood in the way of his talents. But in autobiography to be able to feel each moment of self-doubt again and yet to have no doubt of the shape which all these uncertainties add up to makes an unusually free but perfect form.

Of the three sections the first involves me as reader most, yet for an American public it may well be that its twin horrors of class isolation and school bullying will seem remote. American children, on the whole, are protected from their parents' anxieties. Quite the reverse is the case in England. John Wain, a boy of lower-middle-class family in a working-class Midlands district, prosperous amid the desperate poverty of the 1930's industrial depression, suffered vicariously for the social status, the economic security, and above all, the superior refinement and sensibility of his parents. That they never knew this, that he could never tell them is a mark of English childhoods so constant over the last century and a half that for the greater number of English people, it is the natural state of childhood. Only my reading and my further acquaintance in recent years with people from other countries persuade me that this is not so—that in countries other than England children can be and are preserved from adult apprehensions. In England the little, white-faced old heads on young shoulders familiar in Victorian novels still survive. Mr. Wain shows us one such in himself with patient detail, and shows us, too, how such a child-scapegoat developed a nostalgic sense of life's transience, a love for the vanishing countryside and wildlife, a stoic pessimism that in other countries might seem odd in a child. More bitterly (and here I know his experience all too well) he complains of the way in which the constant emotional strain befogged his vision so that his natural talents remained almost undeveloped in his school years.

THIS pessimism he brought, through the good luck of his father's income and generosity, to Oxford—Oxford, home of lost causes, preserver of hopeless dreams, custodian of the past, and jealous, witty, wrongheaded guardian against the future. Mr. Wain came to it ten years after I had been there. In my day all was hot-headed progressivism, popular-front radicalism, and hysterical pacifism among the undergraduates beneath the disapproving, quizzical eyes of the dons. In 1940, when Mr. Wain arrived, there were few undergraduates, the dons had their day. Under the rule of his tutor C. S. Lewis, a monarchist, extreme Tory High Church Anglicanism ruled supreme. The mental temper was conservative, classical, and critical. It was made to receive the cautious pessimism that his childhood had given John Wain. That he was so suddenly superbly happy, that his talents flowered does not prevent him from seeing that he was only confirmed in a sort of stoic pessimism which, as he says, was fitting for Dr. Johnson in his last years but not for a young man on the brink of life. This Oxford section of his book contains a superb study of the failed, paranoid, dilettante scholar Meyerstein, which in its implied criticism of the cruelties and littlenesses of the Oxford Establishment, runs as counterpoint to the author's recall of his own idyllically happy university days.

In the last section we see how this premature old man's attitude served him as university don and as absurdly young husband. With such subtly, yet exactly depicted outline of his life given to us, it is less a surprise to the reader than it was to his friends when the author in 1955 gave up his assured university reading post to become a full-time writer. What he has shown us of his life prepares us for the courage of such a step. What has emerged from the undertones tells us that he had to start again in order to be free of his precocious adult melancholy. But breaks do not change a man's life and Mr. Wain ends as he began —a stoic pessimist.

THE AMERICAN WAY

THE AMERICANS: A NEW HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By OSCAR HANDLIN. *Little, Brown. 434 pp. $6.95.*

THE FIRST NEW NATION: THE UNITED STATES IN HISTORICAL AND COMPARATIVE PERSPECTIVE. By SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET. *Basic Books. 366 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by STAUGHTON LYND

IN THE 1950's American social science directed attention to the outward form of social events rather than to their inner structure. Eschewing the rival depths of Freud and Marx, it took its stand on the visible, if sandy, middle ground between them. The key terms of this style of social thought

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were "character structure" and "value." An economy of abundance was taken for granted, and no startling changes were expected in the general scheme of things. If the word were not pejorative, the social science of the Eisenhower years might be called superficial, in the sense that it concentrated on surfaces. Less controversially, the approach might be called "phenotypical" social science, as opposed to the "genotypical" of the 1930's.

The Americans and *The First New Nation* are major syntheses of this way of looking at the national experience. Altogether different in form—the one a narrative history, the other a complex series of interlocking questions and answers—the two big books are fundamentally congruent in content. The tone of each is firmly positive about America, though Professor Handlin states that his prevailing attitude has left room "for the failures as well as the victories and for the heavy human costs even victory entailed." One of Professor Lipset's goals is to explore "the conditions for stable democracy"—having taken it for granted that America is one. In this optimistic vein, both books proceed to locate and explain what is different about the American experience. Lipset is concerned with "the problem of what was once known in the Marxist literature as 'American exceptionalism,'" Handlin, with the "new type of man" produced by the American environment. Both authors mistakenly, I believe, consider what is different about America to be what is essential.

Handlin and Lipset alike find that the core of American experience is a dialogue of contrasting attitudes and values. For Handlin, the question that has "all along troubled" us is: "Could man risk the freedom of faith in his own impulses or did he require the security, discipline and confinement of the group?" Lipset sets the national story in the framework of the "related [but] not entirely compatible" values of equality and achievement. Both historians wish to understand how "order" (Handlin's phrase) and "authority" (Lipset's comparable term) came into being in a society so anarchically competitive and experimental. And both discover that the process whereby this happened is psychological: not (Lipset insists) psychological in the sense of largely deriving from child-rearing, nor in the sense that only one set of values is compatible with a democratic social structure, but for all that, psychological.

Now to say that a social process is psychological is from one point of view platitudinous, since human beings are involved. What I mean by the word is that the analyst deliberately refrains from going beyond the description of public moods and attitudes to reach their causes. Handlin describes his procedure as follows:

> It is not his task to subject the complex drama . . . to enfolding figures [of causal explanation]. If he can explain *how*, let others believe each their own *why*. There is meaning enough in the story itself.

Lipset characterizes his attempt at a comparative value analysis as an effort "to analyze systematically variations *within* major historical epochs," thus deliberately sidestepping the more fundamental problem of how a society makes the transition from one epoch to another, and tacitly assuming that the United States is not on the verge of such a transition. Again, Lipset states:

> Basic alterations of social character or values are rarely produced by change in the means of production, distribution, and exchange alone. Rather, as a society becomes more complex, its institutional arrangements make adjustments to new conditions within the framework of a dominant value system. . . . There are constant efforts to fit the "new" technological world into the social patterns of the old, familiar world.

Thus, the thrust of underlying technological change is taken for granted and left unexplained.

This phenomenological approach is beyond doubt rich and rewarding. Just as the here-and-now therapy of Adler may seem to open new vistas after an immersion in Freud, so an examination of the surface of historical experience, in the hands of two such skillful practitioners, abounds in new insights. For example, in a single sentence Professor Handlin illuminates the link between the Southern planter's chronic indebtedness and his failure to face up practically to abolition: "Long reliance upon the faith that the future would solve the unsolved problems of the present had permitted the planters to evade responsibility for the Negro's bondage while the plantation fastened slavery permanently into the life of the region." Professor Lipset uses that prototype of historical strip-mining, the traveler's report, to challenge David Riesman's thesis that American character structure is decisively more "other-directed" than in the 19th century. Lipset suggests that European travelers have always found Americans to be other-directed. Similarly, he argues that there has been little basic change in the extent and character of American religiosity.

However, the psychological approach has a critical weakness. Because psychological data are not systematically related to non-psychological data, but only to still other psychological facts, explanation tends to be tautological. Here is Handlin's description of the religious revivals around 1800:

> They fed on the pent-up tensions of people constantly forced by their struggles to doubt their own adequacy. . . . [These people] were nagged with the responsibility for decisions—even their staying or leaving was a choice frequently to be made. There were limits to what they could take. Strong though they were, hardened to risk and self-reliant, they could not forever put off the questions that crowded upon them in the loneliness and isolation. Had they been right to break away, to abandon the certainties of the past, to stake all on themselves in the great separation? They cried, *Sin, Sin, Sin!* as emotion broke down reserves. Was it the sin of pride to have believed too much in themselves?

Stimulating, yes; true? Who knows. What happens in such a paragraph is that a fundamental perception, in this case of ambivalence between separateness and communal order, is passed through a cluster of facts and emerges unchanged.

In the absence of an explicit

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hypothesis of social causation, Lipset gives us comparative *description* rather than comparative *analysis.* The first eighty pages of his book, on the early national period, lead to conclusions such as: "all new nations face the problem of incorporating their intellectuals into their politics" (which I think I knew); "the defeat of the Federalists in the elections of 1800 represented the first occasion in modern politics in which an incumbent political party suffered an electoral defeat and simply turned over power to its opponents" (which ignores the history of 18th-century England); and "the pressures in new nations to outlaw opposition movements were reduced in America by the rapid decline of the conservative opposition" (which, if not exactly tautological, appears to lack predictive utility).

Both *The Americans* and *The First New Nation* make implicit use of economic causes while projecting a type of theory which tends to exclude them. Thus in grappling with the problem of why France has not been more successful in creating a stable democracy, Lipset observes that "these internal cleavages result from the fact that the French Revolution succeeded in eliminating neither the old set of ascriptive-particularistic values nor some of their key institutional supports." More specifically, he finds that "the most disruptive element in French culture has been the cleavage between pre-industrial values, supported by the upper classes and the church, which have continued to affect the economic sector, and the legitimacy of the Revolution, which has formally dominated the political structure." All of which seems to me an involuted way of rephrasing what Lipset quotes Engels as saying many pages earlier:

> It seems a law of historical development that the bourgeoisie can in no European country get hold of political power—at least for any length of time—in the same exclusive way in which the feudal aristocracy kept hold of it during the Middle Ages. Even in France, where feudalism was completely extinguished, the bourgeoisie as a whole has held full possession of the Government for very short periods only.

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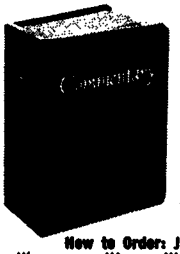

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By using his new language of value analysis, Lipset does not explain this phenomenon any more than Engels did. And when he turns to contemporary France, Lipset in fact falls back on an economically based analysis: "In a real sense, the Gaullist Fifth Republic is engaged in an effort to bring France's polity and values into line with the changing reality of its class and economic structures."

A similar problem arises in Lipset's treatment of the origin of those values he believes to be characteristically American. He says that "America's key values—equality and achievement—stem from our revolutionary origins." But most historians, including Professor Handlin, believe that these characteristic values antedated the American Revolution. Where then *did* they come from? Out of the very experience of migration, Handlin says. And what caused the migration? "Their migration was largely the product of their helplessness, of social forces they could not control —persecution by the Established Church, changes in agriculture and the unavailability of land, the disruption of the wool trade and the growth in the number of men without employment. . . . [The migrants] might thus be compared to legates dispatched on a mission by a potentate; the errand was given them, but they accepted it voluntarily." Obviously here again the bark of psychologism has drifted perilously close to the Marxist whirlpool.

THE PATRON saint of the method and emphasis exemplified by these two books is, as Professor Lipset makes clear, Max Weber. And in view of the degree to which both Lipset and Handlin neglect things economic, and tend to assume an egalitarian future when they look ahead, it is interesting to go back to what Weber himself predicted for America when he came here in 1904.

> While it is correct to say that the burden of historical tradition does not overwhelm the United States, and that the problems originating from the power of tradition do not exist here, yet the effects of the power of capitalism are the stronger. . . . When the accumulation of large fortunes has reached a still-higher point than today, when, at the same time, the possibility of gaining proportionate profits by constant new investments in trade and industry has been diminished so far that the "captains of industry," as has occurred everywhere in the world, begin to strive for hereditary preservation of their possessions instead of new investments that bring both gain and danger, then, indeed, the desire of the capitalistic families to form a "nobility" will arise. . . .

One could read right through both *The Americans* and *The First New Nation* without becoming aware of these realities which Weber saw sixty years ago. It may not be true that to psychologize all is to forgive all—but it usually works out that way.

DELUSIONS

THE THREE CHRISTS OF YPSILANTI: A NARRATIVE STUDY OF THREE LOST MEN. By MILTON ROKEACH. *Knopf. 336 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

THE BOOK opens with a promising epigraph. "Every man would like to be God, if it were possible; some few find it difficult to admit the impossibility." This pleasantry of Bertrand Russell's obviously is used by Dr. Rokeach to refer to the three Ypsilanti madmen each of whom thought he was Christ. It also colors the first page and a half of the exposition in the "Prologue": as Dr. Rokeach describes what he did to these madmen, it seems that he is recognizing that he too ("every man," Russell said) wants to be God. He makes it clear that he had the three delusional Christs brought together in the state hospital without their knowledge or permission, in order to see what would happen when they were confronted with one another. Splendid, says the reader, an act worthy of a godling. The fact that Rokeach the writer gives Rokeach the character a human-sounding justification for thus manipulating these three helpless men is altogether suitable. "My training is in social psychology and personality theory, and it is this background that led me to my meeting with the three Christs." Wonderful: that a godling should be represented in a story as wearing the false face of a behavioral scientist is a brilliant narrative stroke. Surely Rokeach the storyteller knows what he is up to and can be held to the highest narrative standards—though a wary eye must be kept on any writer who can say he is *led* by his *background*. As the Philosopher said or implied, in metaphor begins intelligence.

Then the confrontation of the three Christs occurs, in eleven pages of stunning narrative. The first madman is described. He introduces himself.

> "My name is Joseph Cassel."
> *—Joseph, is there anything else you want to tell us?—*
> "Yes. I'm God."

What economy! Then the second madman.

> "My name is Clyde Benson. That's my name straight."
> *—Do you have any other names?—*
> "Well, I have other names, but that's my vital side and I made God five and Jesus six."
> *—Does that mean you're God?—*
> "I made God, yes. I made it seventy years old a year ago. Hell! I passed seventy years old."

What about that personless voice that speaks only in italics, is never described, and consistently poses the most intrusive and troubling questions it is possible to ask these men? Yes, indeed, Rokeach the narrator knows which of these four characters thinks he's *really* God. (One of the things which Dr. Rokeach, a reasonably perceptive man about some things, points out later in the book is that each of the three delusional Christs knows that no one else believes he is Christ and knows that other people believe he is a hospital patient with a human name and history.) Then the third madman speaks, in one of the liveliest self-introductions since Jacobean drama.

> "Sir," Leon began, "it so happens that my birth certificate says that I am *Dr. Domino Dominorum et Rex Rexarum, Simplis*

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Christianus Pueris Mentalis Doktor. [This is all the Latin Leon knows: Lord of Lord, and King of Kings, Simple Christian Boy Psychiatrist.] It also states on my birth certificate that I am the reincarnation of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and I also salute, and I want to add this. I *do* salute the manliness in Jesus Christ also, because the vine is Jesus and the rock is Christ, pertaining to the penis and testicles; and it so happens that I was railroaded into this place because of prejudice and jealousy and duping that started before I was born, and this is the main issue why I am here. I want to be myself. I do not consent to their misuse of the frequency of my life."

Those last two sentences—Dr. Rokeach may not be able to write good prose, but he can transcribe noble rhetoric when he's taped it.

Then the god-from-italics agitates the three Christs by asking them why they think they have been brought together.

—Are we all in agreement that there was just one Christ who was resurrected?—

"By God Almighty, that is correct," Leon answered.

"*I'm* one—not you," said Clyde. "There's something wrong with you."

"I am the reincarnation of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," Leon said. "My birth certificate says so; my habeas corpus says so."

—Is it possible that there is more than one reincarnation of Jesus Christ?—

"There is only one that I know of," Leon stated, "and I am the reincarnation of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and I was baptized as such, sir, and I have my baptismic certificate, sir, and it's also in Dr. Yoder's office if you care to look at it. I believe the others are instrumental gods, the hollowed-out person who became a Jesus Christ through being hollowed out as such."

"He is a rerise, he is a hick," Clyde said. "He is next to me."

That last is one of the great responses in narrative dialogue.

Then comes chapter one of the body of the book, "The Problem of Identity." The first sentence is promising. "Let me emphasize at the outset that my main purpose in bringing the three Christs together was scientific." Surely Ro-

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keach the narrator is a fine ironist who understands that Rokeach the character recites the litany of scientific purity of motive in order to protect himself from realizing that he is playing god with three unhappy madmen. But no. No. Alas, it is not so. In no time at all it becomes clear that Rokeach the writer is as unaware as Rokeach the character of what is going on. What is wrong with this book is a problem of identity, all right—the identity of the writer. If only the writer had not confused himself with the character, the entire narrative could have continued at an ironic elevation worthy of the opening.

FOR THE ACTION retains the power to delight and surprise. After a year of daily meetings, things are slowing down badly. Rokeach the character conceives and executes the notion of entering into the madmen's delusions by sending two of them a series of letters signed by persons toward whom each of the two has enormous respect. (Clyde is too far gone to be interested in anybody else.) Joseph views the superintendent of the hospital as a good authority; one set of letters purportedly comes from him to Joseph. The other is from Leon's supposed wife, Madame Yeti Woman, who he at this point thinks is God. Now this is a situation of high comedy, and some of the letters and responses are literarily worthy of the macabre occasion. But clearly Rokeach the narrator does not appreciate how thoroughly Rokeach the character, in the flimsiest of disguises, is playing godling. Instead, the narrator gives to the reader the same justification which the character gives to himself for unironically deceiving the madmen this way: he is said to have done it as an experiment, out of pure scientific interest, and also out of a humane desire possibly to help them as patients. In fact, neither of them is helped, and, though the narrator assures us that this intrusion into their utmost privacy has yielded a genuine contribution to science, he is rather vague about what this contribution is. Cervantes knew all about it: anyone who has read *Don Quixote* already

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knows pretty well that trying to undelude a madman by deceitfully assuming the identity of one of the persons in his crazy system yields little enough good to him, though a lot of fun for the deceiver and his audience.

In the introductory theoretical chapter, Dr. Rokeach (no longer narrator or character but would-be scientist) outlines his theory, what in his own terminology is called his belief-system. Each person has four classes of beliefs; three of these are varieties of what is commonly called beliefs, but, according to Dr. Rokeach, what one learns through the senses and by direct intuition, which most of mankind calls and always has called knowledge, is really primitive belief. Since I share most men's opinion on the subject and not Dr. Rokeach's, I find this sentence of his quite as amazing as any of those uttered by the three Christs. *"I believe this is a table* is the statement of a primitive belief about the physical world which finds complete social support." Still, if defining knowledge as socially supported primitive belief is part of his epistemological game, all right, as a reader I am willing to suspend my disbelief in order to see how the system works out in the story. Unfortunately, the system works best as a way for Rokeach as writer and as character to disguise his goddy propensities from himself. As a way for Rokeach the writer to disguise these qualities from the reader, the system works poorly. And as a scientific explanation of the human psyche, it is awful.

Dr. Rokeach believes in the religion of Science. The fundamentalist cult of which he is a learned doctor is standard contemporary Behavioral Science, American social psychology branch. Aside from the fact that Dr. Rokeach's belief system is the chief agent in the ruination of this potentially good story, I have two main objections to it. One is that it produces more banalities than any other system now flourishing, along with gleams of surprising insight. (To a non-believer, the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* is the most unsettling magazine in the world.) For example, Dr. Rokeach solemnly assures us that "the concern with beliefs involving a sense of identity is of even wider scope, having application to normal people no less than to schizophrenics and to other persons suffering from pathological states." He spends pages adducing arguments and authorities to support this platitude. My God! Again, a few pages later, he takes the opening idea of *The Divine Comedy* ("In the middle of the journey of our life I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost") and makes a pomposity of it by quoting an "authority," another behavioral scientist named Norman Cameron, on the subject.

> Some time toward middle age, when a person turns thirty, thirty-five, or forty, comes the dawning realization that his life span actually is limited. With this recognition may also come fears that his lifelong hopes, overt or latent, will never be realized.

Isn't there *any*thing these men can assume and then go on to something interesting?

My other objection to this belief-system is that it is self-deluding and timid. "There is no knowledge. What you think of as knowledge is really an uninspected primitive belief," he roars like any radical skeptic. Yet, in the last sentence of the book, he smuggles knowledge, along with humanism, back into the cloisters of Science.

> This study closes with the hope that at least a small portion of ignorance has here been dispelled, and with the faith that as knowledge gradually advances, the incurable conditions of yesterday and today become the curable conditions of tomorrow.

This is said in another tone altogether, in a devout murmur: *"There is no knowledge except for us true believers."* No, sir. You can't have it both ways. You may have a better belief-system than the three Christs and certainly a lot of people nowadays share it with you, but your belief is not a godlike knowledge permitting godlike interfering in the souls of inferior mortals, any more than theirs is.

What a happy day it will be when no one can justify his poking around in other people's souls by saying, to the satisfaction of himself and of the rulers of our society, that he is doing it "in order to make a contribution to knowledge." O Thou who speakest only in italics, I would feel better about what Leon justly calls Thine impositions if Thou hadst already made a greater contribution to Thine own knowledge. Doctor, know Thyself. "I do not consent to their misuse of the frequency of my life."

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ROBERT LEKACHMAN, *who teaches economics at Barnard College, contributed "The Tax Trimmers" to our April 1963 number.*

MARVIN FOX *is a member of the philosophy department at Ohio State.*

ANGUS WILSON *is the well-known British novelist.*

STAUGHTON LYND *writes frequently in these pages on issues of American history and politics.*

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT'S *most recent book is* A Piece of Lettuce, *a collection of essays published by Random House.*

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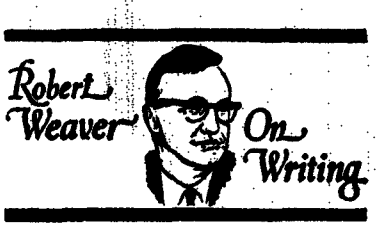

FROM THE TORONTO DAILY STAR 2/22/64

BECAUSE THE O'LEARY Royal Commission investigation of Canadian magazines took no account of conditions in other countries, it was finally unable adequately to describe or explain the huge gaps that exist in Canada's periodical press merely by saying that it's a small country too close to the United States for its intellectual health.

A certain kind of magazine faces problems everywhere, and the only way in which some gaps are closed in such big countries as England and the United States is with subsidies provided by wealthy organizations or individuals. "The New Republic," the American journal of opinion which is now more than 40 years old, has been sup[redacted]in its time by several wealthy families. "[redacted]" was subsidized in the same fashion for [redacted] years before it finally got into the black.

The two best monthlies in the English-speaking world have been published under similar conditions. "Commentary" is backed by the American Jewish Committee, and the English "Encounter" was founded and subsidized for a number of years by the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

FINE MAGAZINES

What these organizations have received in return for their support are fine magazines that have enlarged the general climate of opinion, and that could not have existed if they had had no other resources than circulation and advertising revenues.

In recent years, under young editor Norman Podhoretz, "Commentary" has entered a vintage period. Its February issue is typical of its excellence. There is the usual generous, serious, but lively section of letters from its readers. There are two stories published for the first time, by the Russian-Jewish writer Isaac Babel, who disappeared and presumably died during the Stalinist purges of the thirties. There is a first-rate analysis of the history and influence of the English weekly "New Statesman," which has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

The centre-piece of the February "Commentary" is an article by a German-born writer Guenter Lewy about the background of the play "The Deputy," in which Pope Pius XII is shown as failing to do what he might have done to save some of the European Jews from the Nazis. The article is critical of the Pope, but it is a good deal more critical of the German hierarchy.

ABRASIVE JOURNALISM

It is an article that is bound to trouble or anger Roman Catholics. But it is exactly the kind of abrasive, serious journalism that justifies the existence of magazines like "Commentary."

"Commentary" is a better magazine than "Encounter" because the latter's editorial direction is erratic. Its February issue is not a particularly striking one. But it includes a memoir of Hugh Gaitskell, a story by the very talented Dan Jacobson, and an interesting autobiographical fragment about East Africa by a native refugee from South Africa. Anyone who suspects that subsidies are the enemy of creativity ought to read these magazines.

OF ALL SUBSIDIZED magazines, the one with the most exotic angel is "The Paris Review," which is published by the Aga Khan. Its Winter-Spring issue celebrates its tenth anniversary with a bumper selection of drawings, short stories, and poems by younger poets.

The anniversary issue also includes two of the literary interviews which the magazine has featured since its beginning, and which have been published in book form with the title "Writers at Work." This time two obsessive novelists from different generations are interviewed: the Frenchman Louis-Ferdinand Celine, who died a couple of years ago after a stormy life, and Norman Mailer. A fascinating and logical coupling.

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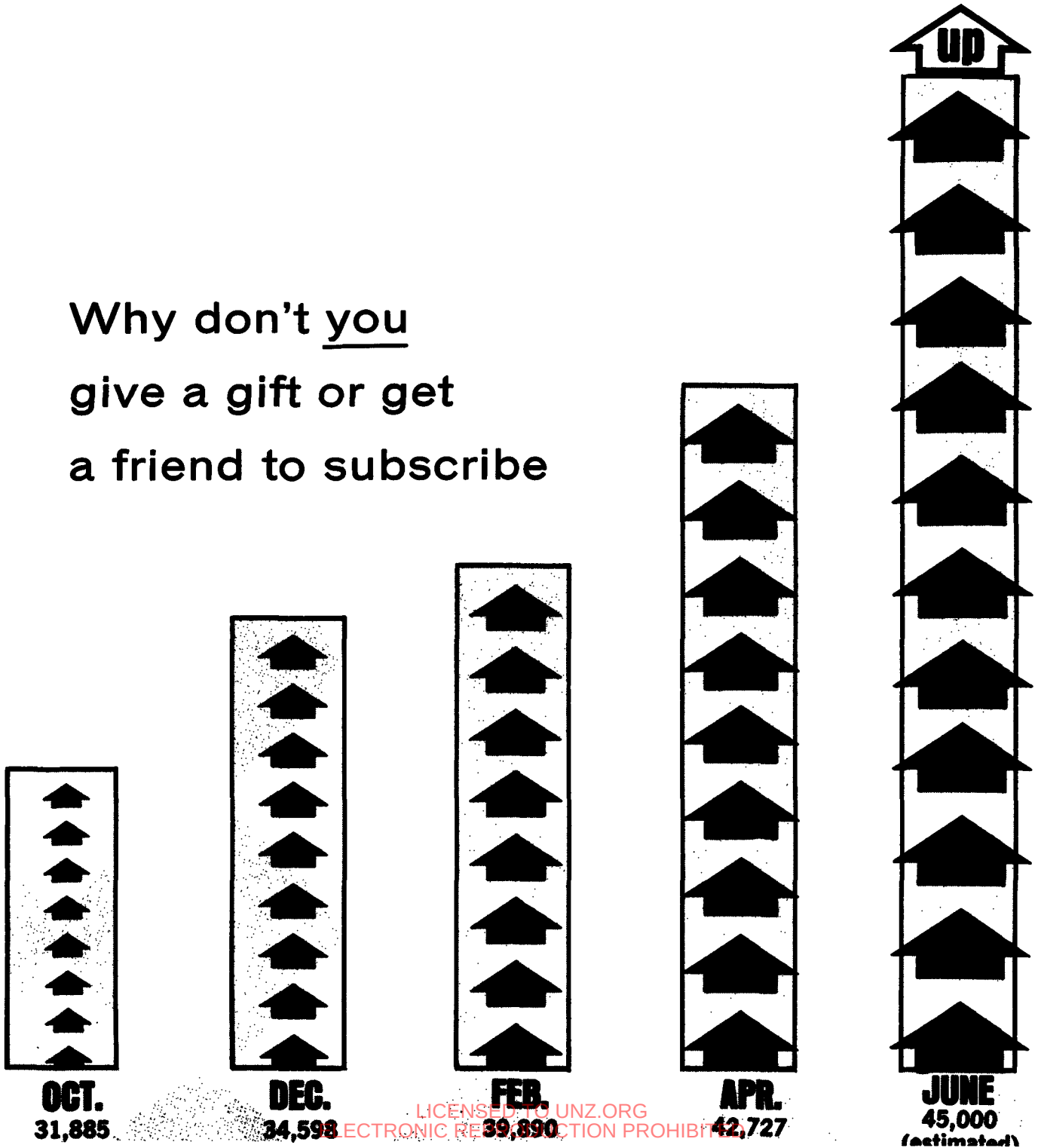
Commentary

circulation is going



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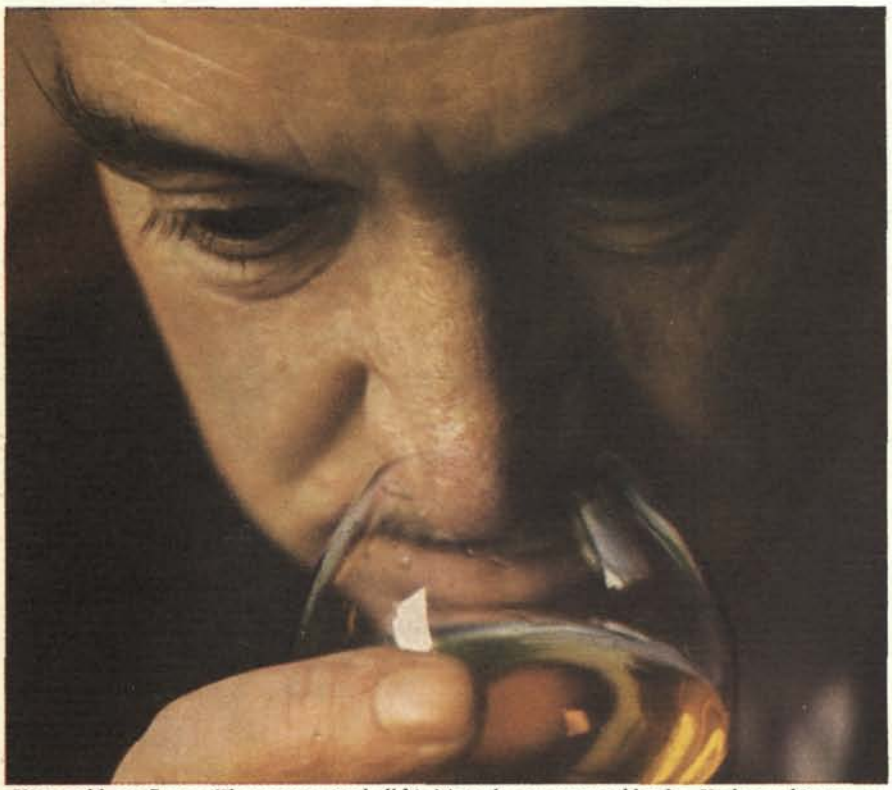
This man isn't just sniffing a glass of whisky. He's blending the world's finest Scotch.



You could say George Thomson trained all his life to be our master blender. He began his apprenticeship at 15. He is shown in the Sample Room at our Kilmarnock blending house in Scotland.

Each of the 101 distilleries in Scotland produces a malt whisky that has its own personality and distinctions. It's George Thomson's responsibility to decide which of these "single malts" have the maturity and character to go into Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Using his meticulous, authoritarian sense of smell alone, Mr. Thomson selects more than 40 of the finest of these for rich flavor and smoothness. And he blends them so that the unique flavor of Johnnie Walker Black Label always remains the same.

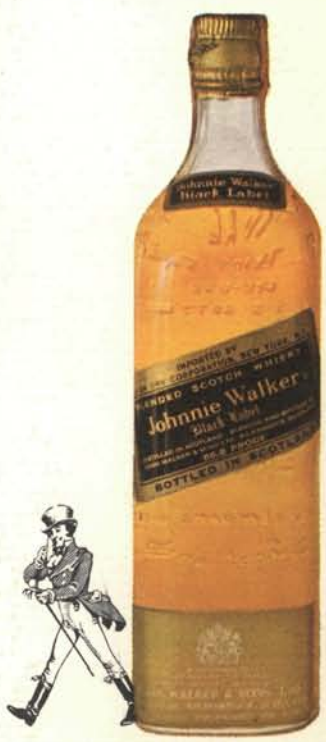
The final step in the master blender's art. To this sumptuous blend of mature, flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Every bottle of this incomparable whisky is a tribute to George Thomson's mastery of the art of making Scotch.

Do you buy premium-priced Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you really ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Its superiority is recognized throughout the world by authorities who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually rationed there. Fortunately, current U. S. quotas of Black Label permit you to obtain a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



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